The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1889.

The Week.

THERE appears to be no doubt that the Administration has decided that it would not be expedient to call an extra session of Congress. The arguments against one are so many and so obvious that serious consideration of the matter was scarcely necessary. Aside from all other considerations, the President and his advisers must naturally be in no hurry for the assembling of a Congress in which the Republican majority will be so small that firm support of the Administration would, under the most favorable conditions, be a difficult thing to obtain. With an enthusiastic and harmonious party, thoroughly in accord with the President's course, it would require very careful management to maintain party support for him in a Congress having barely a Republican majority to elect a Speaker; and with any discord or dissatisfaction, such support would be out of the question. Nobody can tell now how the Republican members as a whole will feel towards the Administration when they come together, but it is notorious that there are some of them who are not at all satisfied with the President's course in regard to appointments. This was inevitable from the moment he decided to give himself up to a personal supervision of the distribution of patronage. He was certain to make in his own party as many enemies as friends. When the Congressmen get into Washington, the wrangles over offices will increase rather than diminish, and the President's burdens in this direction will be greater than ever.

The first six months of President Harrison's term are ended, and what are the most conspicuous developments of his policy? What topics connected with him are most discussed in the press? First, there is Tanner and his course in the Pension Bureau. That is, by common consent, a national scandal of such serious proportions that leading newspapers of the President's party are calling for Tanner's removal as the only thing which can save the Administration from disgrace, and the national Treasury from possible bankruptcy. Second, there is the choice by the President of "Tom" Platt, "Matt" Quay, and Mahone of Virginia as the men to whom he prefers to hand over the patronage of the Government to be used by them in building up a political Machine. Third, there is an increase of over $7,000,000 in the public debt during the last third of the six months, though for the corresponding period in every one of President Cleveland's four years there was an average decrease of about $10,000,000. Fourth, in removals from office without cause the President has surpassed all previous records, and has so completely broken not only the pledges of his party's platform, but his own personal pledges as well, that there is a formidable movement in the Republican party for the unconditional repeal of the Civil-Service Law. The net result of this six months' work is a lower moral tone in politics than the country has shown since 1872.

That the Administration begins to be troubled by the increase of the public debt is shown by the repeated attempts of the organs to explain it. An extremely mysterious account of the cause of the increase during the month of August given by the *Tribune* last week had, we think, the effect of causing considerable public alarm owing to its great darkness. The financial writer of the same paper comes to the relief of his editorial brother, and tries to show that it is "an extraordinary credit to disbursing officers in the last monthly statement of over $50,000,000 which is the occasion of the apparent increase in the debt"; and this, he adds with a sheepish air, "is so much money now in the Treasury that soon is to be paid out by the disbursing officers, thus increasing the amount of money in circulation." We presume the real cause of this queer stuff is the writer's fear that the public supposes that the Treasury has been paying out more money than Congress has appropriated. But the public is not so simple-minded as that. It knows very well that all Government money is got rid of by giving it to the disbursing officers, or giving them power to draw it, and that when a man's accounts show an increase of his liabilities, the matter is not explained by alleging that all the checks he has given have not yet been presented, and that when they are there will be more money in circulation. The true way to clear up the whole matter is to admit frankly that Tanner has been too "liberal to the boys," or, in other words, has been spending money too rapidly for the good of the party, and must be dismissed or put in charge of a lighthouse.

Somebody in England, apropos of the late discussion over the grant to the Prince of Wales on his daughter's marriage, has put forth the theory that the monarchy there is much less expensive than our Presidency, in answer to some American who made the account stand thus:

Crown	$2,781,279 per annum.
President	50,000 " "

The Englishman says that to know what the Presidency costs, we must take into account the expenses of the quadrennial election, which include outlays of every description during the campaign for party purposes, and these he estimates at $20,000,000 for a period of four years. The account will then stand thus:

President—	
For election	$20,000,000
Salary	200,000
Total	$20,200,000
Crown—	
Succession	Nil.
Four years' civil list and annuities	$10,873,120
Balance in favor of monarchical government	$9,326,880

It is to be said, however, that the Queen's income by no means includes all the cost of royalty. There are a great many expenses made necessary by the "dignity of the Crown" which are not covered by the royal income, and which would probably double the cost of royalty. It is also to be observed that there is no comparison between what America and England can afford to spend on government—a consideration of very great political moment. On the other hand, there ought to be added to our expenses the various means now resorted to for getting rid of the surplus. All squandering of the public money in order to secure votes is really an addition to the cost of the Presidency. Tanner's outlay, for instance, should undoubtedly be added to what President Harrison will cost us before we are done with him.

"Corp." Tanner appears in a somewhat new light in the revelation which comes from Detroit concerning a pension agency there. The agent applied to Tanner some time ago asking for an increase of $1,500 in his allowance for office expenses. The "Corp.," with customary liberality to the boys, no sooner received the application than he granted it twice over, giving to the office an extra credit of $3,000. One can imagine him saying on reading the request: "An extra allowance of $1,500? Why, of course. But while you are about it, hadn't you better take $3,000?" The agent joyfully accepted the $3,000, raised the salaries of all his old clerks, and employed a new clerk in addition. The office was enthusiastic over the liberal Tanner policy, and things went merrily on till the vouchers for the extra expenditures reached the Auditor at Washington whose business it was to consider them. He refused to allow the increase. Then there was a panic in the agency. The agent had to supply in some way the new clerk's salary, while the old clerks failed to get the increase they had expected. Worse than this, the agent, rather than pay the new clerk's salary out of his own pocket, assessed all the old clerks sufficiently to make up the necessary amount. He says of this extraordinary act: "The extra expense was incurred under the supposition that a larger appropriation was to be made for the office. The appropriation was not made and the expense had to be met. You know that people working under the Government must submit to any arbitrary decision or get out." This view of the civil service of a great nation is the Harrison-Tanner one which came into vogue with the victory of the party of moral ideas last November

"President Harrison is allowing all the Democratic collectors in Maine and elsewhere to serve out their terms, unless there is special reason otherwise," says the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* (Rep.); "but not one of the civil-service *par excellence* papers gives him credit for this, but continues representing that he is disregarding civil service." The *Jour-*

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nal is probably no better authority as to the President's course regarding collectors outside of Maine than it proved to be as to his policy regarding postmasters, who, it announced some time ago, were to be allowed to serve out their terms, whereas the President has ever since been removing them wholesale. Presuming, however, that it is correct in the statement that he is allowing Democratic collectors in Maine to serve out their terms, we take great pleasure in giving him credit for keeping his word as to one class of officials in one State. How much better he would stand to-day if he had been equally conscientious in living up to his pledges regarding all classes of officials in all the States!

Congressman Houk of Tennessee, the most prominent Southern Republican in the House, announces that he will "test the sentiment of the House on this sham Civil-Service Law" by offering an amendment striking out the item making an appropriation for the support of the Commission when the appropriation bill containing that item comes up. Nine-tenths of the members, he says, know that the law is a fraud, and say so in private, and he is "going to smoke those fellows out and put them on record." This is good news. It will be a satisfaction to learn exactly how many Republican Congressmen there are of the Houk school, who are shameless enough to confess that when they pledged themselves last fall to live up to the platform of their party, which called not only for the maintenance of the Civil-Service Law, but also for "the further extension of the reform system," they meant as soon as their party came into power to repudiate their pledges.

Valuable testimony as to the good effect of the Civil-Service Law, even in Maryland, is furnished by the Hagerstown *Herald*, a Republican weekly. The *Herald* takes up and condemns the recent action of the Republican clubs of the Third Congressional District of Maryland in calling for a repeal of the Civil-Service Law, declaring that "if the Republican party should go before the country on the platform which these Baltimore politicians have laid down, it would be beaten out of sight." In arguing for the superiority of the merit system to the spoils policy, the *Herald* makes the following statement as to the operation of the former in Maryland under Mr. Cleveland, which is of value as the testimony of a political opponent: "Without the Civil-Service Law, the Democratic heelers in Baltimore would have held high carnival in the Federal offices. With it, we have had an honest management of the public business, and only in a few instances has the public sense of decency been shocked by the appointment of notorious rascals to responsible positions. If there had been no civil-service law, so fair and moderate a man as ex-Gov. Groome would not have been made Collector of the Port, and certainly a very different class of men would have forced their way into all the subordinate places."

No pretence is made by the friends of the Administration that any other than political influences were considered in the three appointments for this city and Brooklyn which were announced on Tuesday. In each case the appointee is an experienced political worker who has been given a public office as a reward for political services in the last campaign. For six months the filling of two of the offices thus bestowed, those of Surveyor and Naval Officer, has been under almost constant consideration at Washington, and almost innumerable visits have been made to the President by "Tom" Platt, Senator Hiscock, and other leaders in order to pick out the men whose choice would be recognized by the party as best entitled to the rewards. The President himself has been reported frequently as saying that he would appoint the men whom the party leaders could thus agree upon as worthy. There has been no pretence made that either the President or his New York advisers were seeking the good of the public service. In commending the appointments, the *Tribune* recognizes the political aspect as the controlling one by saying of the new Naval Officer, Mr. Willis, that "he did capital work for the cause led by Gen. Harrison a year ago," and of the new Internal-Revenue Collector for Brooklyn, Mr. Nathan, that "he has also established his claims to special recognition at the hands of his party." It was said of Mr. Willis early in the contest for these offices that he must have one of them not only because of his work in the Harrison campaign, but because he represented a ward in Brooklyn which raised $50,000 for the Harrison campaign fund. The money claim has steadily outweighed all others, as precedent would have led us to expect.

Mr. George W. Lyon, who receives the Surveyorship, has been a strong aspirant for almost any good Federal office since the moment of Harrison's election. He will make the office as much of a Republican stronghold as Mr. Beattie has made it a Democratic one, and that is about all that can be said of the change. It is the substitution of one politician for another, and one set of Boys will have to "go," while a new set will take their places. The removal of Col. Burt before his term has expired, and the replacing of him in the Naval Office by a politician who will use the office for political purposes, is a far different matter. Col. Burt has conducted the office solely in the public interest and in strict accordance with civil-service-reform rules. He has, in fact, been for years a model public servant, devoting all his energies to the sincere, intelligent, and indefatigable purpose of doing his whole duty to the country without fear or favor and without regard to politics or political considerations. Of his ability, integrity, and usefulness there has never been a question. What a spectacle it is when such a man is turned out of office before his term has expired, in order to make a place for a political worker who "did capital work" for the election of the President who thus rewards him.

The tale which Gen. Joseph C. Jackson tells in the *Times* of Tuesday, of the perfidious treatment which he has experienced in the matter of the District Attorneyship at the hands of the Hon. William M. Evarts, well merits the attention of our best moralists. It appears that the General's testimonials were signed by so many men of wealth and influence residing in this city and the suburbs that they would have compelled his appointment at the hands of the most hardened administration, had not the President been able to take refuge in the fact that he had turned the matter over to Senator Evarts. Gen. Jackson accordingly kept a close watch on Mr. Evarts through the summer, and so overawed him that he left him under the impression that he (the Senator) was working for him like a beaver. When pursued to his Vermont farm, he confirmed this impression by his looks, his general demeanor, and by driving the General about in a wagon. There was one little defect in the General's arrangements which might, if unrectified, have accounted for the subsequent disaster; but it *was* rectified. The name of Colonel Elliott F. Shepard appeared in the testimonials at first among "the men of business," of whom the Colonel is an ornament. But he does not carry as much weight as a business man as he does as a lawyer—a fact which he pointed out to the General. The name was accordingly shifted to the forensic side of the document, where it naturally led all the rest, and seemed to make the General an irresistible candidate. Now comes the catastrophe. The Senator, it appeared, had all along been supporting another man, who got the place, and he accordingly fled to Europe to escape the exposure of his infamy, while the Colonel sneered in his paper at the testimonials! If Gen. Jackson's nature should now be soured, and he should take a sombre view of the future of his race, who could blame him? If he should indeed lose his confidence in man—one of the worst of human experiences—who ought to shoulder the responsibility? Is it not Senator Evarts? And yet we have little doubt that he is at this moment cracking jokes in some resort of European nobles, in utter forgetfulness of the wreck he has made of Gen. Jackson's faith and hope and charity.

The tariff plank of the Pennsylvania Democratic platform is strong and to the point. It not only reaffirms the national platform of last year, but it applauds President Cleveland's efforts to impress the need of tariff reform on Congress, and states the ends sought by the reform in a way which shows that the platform-makers are comprehending the strength of the issue much better than they have hitherto done. There is no recognition of the time-honored falsehood that protection benefits wages, in the demand for a "revision and reduction of tariff taxes for the relief at once of American labor, American industries, and American taxpayers, by the repeal of such tariff taxes as now invite and protect monopoly, a greed that lessens production, lessens employment of labor, decreases wages, and increases cost to consumers; and by the ad-

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mission of raw material free of duty in all cases where it will enlarge our product, multiply our markets, and increase demand for labor." An equally excellent plank is the one favoring the Australian ballot system as being "adapted to meet the requirements of our Constitution and the special wants of our people." Gov. Hill's view of that system as a "mongrel foreign one" evidently finds no favor among Pennsylvania Democrats. The chief defect in the platform is the absence of all mention of civil-service reform.

The Philadelphia *Press* on August 30 led off its editorial page with a paragraph which said: "The leading newspaper of Manchester, England, the *Examiner*, declares that 'if the United States were to abolish the duty on cotton goods, we should shut up every one of their cotton-mills in less than ten years.'" This alleged quotation had so much the appearance of the false quotations put out during the last campaign by the Secretary of the Home-Market Club and by Mr. Plummer of this city that we at once set to work to verify it. First we telegraphed to a London correspondent to attempt this task. He cabled us directly: "I have searched the file of the Manchester *Examiner* for the last fortnight and can find no trace of the statement cited." Next we addressed a written inquiry to the editor of the *Press*, asking for the date of the *Examiner* quoted from. To this we have obtained no answer whatever. We have not given up the search by any means. But meanwhile we have no doubt that the paragraph will be doing duty in the high-tariff press all over the country, with the added statement, perhaps, that if the American mills do not close fast enough, the Cobden Club will send over some of its "gold," buy them up, and set fire to them. If these Englishmen do think that lower duties will hand over our home markets to them, they are very kind to give us such a warning as the *Press* publishes. Little acts of this kind ought to go far towards promoting international friendship.

A telegram from Mr. Armour, the head of the great dressed-beef combination, which Senator Vest produced before the Senatorial Investigating Committee in Chicago last week, and of which Mr. Armour subsequently acknowledged the authenticity, ran as follows:

FREELAND, Penn., Dec. 18, 1888.
Can't allow Schwab to continue killing live stock. If he will not stop, make other arrangements, and make the price so we can get his trade. ARMOUR & Co.

Mr. Armour refused to appear before the Committee, but he explained that this telegram was addressed to "our own agent, whom we had a perfect right to tell that he should not kill cattle if he sold our dressed beef." This seems perfectly reasonable. The Trust has a perfect right to prescribe the qualifications of its own agents, and to dismiss them if they are not satisfactory. The point to which we wish to direct attention is, however, that in this case it was not content with taking its business away from Schwab. Instructions were given that if he continued the perfectly legitimate trade of killing cattle, he was to be driven out of it by making prices so low in competition with him that he could not continue it. This brings us at once to the great political objection to Trusts—an objection which would remain overwhelmingly strong in every free country, even if all that is said of their economical advantages were true. Granted that they do not raise prices; granted that, on the contrary, they lower them; granted that they save capital and labor by preventing overproduction—it is still true that, in order to accomplish their purpose, they claim and frequently exercise powers which, as against individuals, are irresistible, and which no free people could ever be induced to lodge in the hands of any body whatsoever—legislative, executive, or judicial.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has for years rendered the country a service by presenting, about the 1st of September, an annual review of the progress made by the South during the preceding twelve months. The showing for the present year, made in its issue of Monday week, is the most encouraging yet made, the progress having been greater than in any previous twelvemonth, and a healthier one as well, there having been "a steady advance everywhere and in all lines of business." The assessed wealth of the South, which was $2,164,792,795 in 1880, now amounts to $3,759,053,367—an increase of almost 75 per cent.; while the value of agricultural products has risen from $611,679,048 to $868,979,523, and of manufactures from $315,924,000 to $651,202,000, with a growth of railroad mileage from 17,808 to 36,686. No feature of the showing is more encouraging than the great increase in the amount of money expended for schools, which has much more than doubled, leaping from $6,145,706 in 1880 to $13,905,304 in 1889. Better still, the *Times-Democrat* finds that while there has been a steady movement during the decade, "no greater progress has been made during any period than the past twelve months." It was back in 1880 that the agitation for Federal aid to education in the South was started, upon the theory that the South was then raising as much money for schools as it could possibly stand or could possibly raise for years to come, while at least double that amount was needed; and yet, in 1889, it appears that the expenditures have been far more than doubled, and are growing faster now than ever before.

The proposed ceiling-scandal inquiry by the Albany Grand Jury is looked upon with pretty general suspicion as to the sincerity of the moving forces behind it. The presence on the jury of two men who admit not merely their personal friendship for ex-Superintendent Andrews, who had nominal charge of the "job," but that they were actually employed by him, is not a guarantee of strictly impartial inquiry. Albany is notoriously a bad place in which to conduct an investigation of any kind of legislative jobbery. It has always been so, for perfectly obvious reasons, and its reputation in this respect has not improved during the period in which Gov. Hill's influence has been so powerful. The ceiling scandal can never be thoroughly probed without seriously damaging many of the foremost politicians in both political parties, including the Governor on the Democratic side and the Speaker of the Assembly on the Republican. The chances for such probing, therefore, in a city especially sensitive to "pulls" are not great.

Judge Hughes, the well-known "Tom Brown" of other years, has a pathetic article in the last *Forum* about his "lost leader," Mr. Gladstone, of whose mental and moral aberrations touching the Irish question he gives a sad account, and he winds up with the following very startling warning to the American admirers of the British statesman:

"I cannot but warn you that you are deceived, and that while you are meaning only to express admiration for and confidence in a statesman with whose career you are not familiar, you are in reality doing what in you lies to palliate crime and to set aside the old commandments, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' 'Thou shalt not covet.'"

What is curious in all this is, that Judge Hughes should not perceive that on a question of the character of a foreign statesman Americans are sure to take testimony on *both* sides, and weigh it. Therefore, there is a certain naïveté in his giving us a list of eminent men who have refused to follow Mr. Gladstone, but no list of those eminent men who have followed him. Those who have abandoned him, he says, are the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Bright, Lord Selborne, Lord Hartington, Lord Derby, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, Mr. Chamberlain, Leonard Courtney, and Mr. Jesse Collings. But, says Judge Hughes:

"I will not speak of those who followed Mr. Gladstone. Many of them are old friends and men of high standing and character, and no unnecessary word of mine shall add to the bitterness of the present crisis."

This is surely very funny. He is, of course, bound to tell who they are who have followed Mr. Gladstone, especially since "many of them are men of high character." How can Americans judge until they hear *all* the witnesses? Among those who have followed Mr. Gladstone are Lord Spencer, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the worst days; Lord Aberdeen, who filled the same office; Lord Hampden, so long Speaker of the House of Commons; Lord Rosebery, Earl Granville, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Edward Freeman, John Morley, James Bryce, Cardinal Manning, nearly all the leading Nonconformist ministers in England, and a large proportion of the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. In fact, the Gladstonian list seems at this distance to have vastly more moral weight than Mr. Hughes's. So that he must pardon us for looking upon his suggestion to Americans that these men are "doing what in them lies to palliate crime and set aside the old commandments, Thou shalt do no murder, etc.," as exceedingly droll.

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THE COMING AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

THE international conference, soon to assemble in Washington, deserves a more intelligent and a more critical consideration than—so far as we have seen—it has yet had in our country. Whether or not the proposal, and the law of the last Congress, to invite Brazil and Mexico, with each and all the republics of Central and South America, to a conference with each other and with our own Government, for the purpose of commending and urging the doing of certain things, will turn out a wise and far-seeing proposal and law so far as we are concerned, nobody can now foresee. The conference was promoted by Democratic revenue-reformers, and by those protectionists who fancy that free trade will be safe along parallels of longitude, but not safe along parallels of latitude, and by those Republicans who "guess" that our manufacturers—unable, as those protectionists say, to compete *in* the United States (unless aided by custom-house taxes) with Britons, Germans, and Frenchmen sending hither their products and wares—can compete with Britons, Germans, and Frenchmen *outside* of the United States, and in Central and South America, without such custom-house walls, fences, and barriers; and especially so if our Government will pay for steamers to carry cheaply our products to the people at the south of us and bring hither theirs.

The law of the last Congress to which we refer, is so diffuse and sprawling that it embraces among the objects to be sought by the conference almost everything a government can attempt. One expressive object is, for example, the securing for each government of more extensive markets for its products. Among the enumerated objects is *anything* "presented by any of the said States." Besides peace, prosperity, arbitration, extradition, there are enumerated in the law, as objects to be sought, a customs union, regulations governing imports and exports, the *classification* and *valuation* of merchandise in the ports of each, a uniform system of invoices, a silver coin to be a universal legal tender, and the establishment of regular, swift, and cheap means of transportation and intercommunication. Did the draughtsman of the law, or did Congress, enumerate merely for buncombe all those topics to be discussed and voted on by the conference, or is the conference really to have power to bind, in some form, those governments participating? Have we really committed the requirements of our custom-house invoices, our customs taxes, our customs nomenclature and classifications to the discussions and deliberations of this conference? If not, what does the law really intend?

There may be eighteen Spanish-speaking governments represented by as many delegates as each government may see fit to send, but no State can have more than one vote. Our Government may be one among nineteen votes on our tariff system or on silver as exclusive legal tender. If Mexico and the States of Central and South America shall decide to go *earnestly* into this conference, and not in a perfunctory way, and send their very best men as delegates, our Government at Washington will inevitably be over-matched, not only in numbers and votes, but in knowledge and diplomatic expertness. All of those delegates will probably speak Spanish and French accurately and fluently, but not English, while probably few, if any, of our delegates will be able to speak or understand any language besides English. Spanish America is not behind ourselves in the learning of its publicists, political economists, and diplomatists, the best of whom have had European education and training, which ours have not had. It has sent forth the very best of modern treatises on international law. The accuracy and completeness of knowledge of European literature—touching finance, taxation, political economy, and public law—possessed by the leading public men of Spanish America, is superior to that possessed by our leading men, and especially by such as those selected, or likely to be selected, by Mr. Harrison to attend this conference. And, besides, the linguistic ignorance of our delegates will put us at a disadvantage if Spanish America, either of her own motion *or under the inspiration of British diplomacy*, shall really set out to control the conference. It is not unlikely that Germany and France may slyly "chip in and take a hand." Peace, prosperity, arbitration, and extradition are harmless topics, but when we invite such an international conference at Washington in order to persuade the Spanish American peoples not to trade with Europe, but to trade only with us, the Satan of diplomacy, which is money, will inevitably be at work, and not on our side. Spanish America is largely in debt to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Berlin, but not to New York. In current trade our merchants do not, as a rule, give the long credits to Central and South American buyers that British sellers can give and do give.

While the chief obstacle in the way of our more unrestrained trade, fuller trade, and closer business relations of every sort with the Spanish-speaking peoples at the south of us is our clumsy and provincial system of taxation, which impedes those peoples in selling to or buying from us (which impediment could not be altogether overcome if our Federal Government maintained vessels, steam and sail, carrying merchandise to and fro, up and down lines of longitude, free-gratis-for-nothing), there are other advantages over us which Europe, and specifically London, has. South and Central American youths of both sexes go rather to Europe to be educated, than to us. European States have sent to South and Central America the most promising of their diplomatic and consular agents, while our own Government at Washington has looked on those States as a sort of Botany Bay dumping-ground to which can be sent political workers with a "pull" who cannot safely be accredited to a European government. Nowhere in the wide world has there been, or is now, a more promising field than in South and Central America for an ambitious and clever American wishing to make a name for himself in diplomacy, and nowhere have we needed, and do we now need, more diplomatic comeliness, grace, shrewdness, tact, and skill in the use of foreign tongues; yet our budding diplomatists prefer Berne, Lisbon, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Rome, Brussels, The Hague, and such like posts, where there is nothing to do and no glory to be won, and our Government commissions to sensitive Spanish American governments men who are off color as much as "Pat" Egan. It will require a good many American international conferences at Washington to obliterate the impression created by the Landreau claim and Mr. Blaine's Chilian policy.

Germany does no such stupid work in South and Central America as we have done. Her diplomatic and consular agents and commercial travellers soliciting trade are united, alert, complaisant, and persuasive in the language of the country. One sees with half an eye, by glancing at the money articles in the London *Times*, its reports of sales of bonds and stocks, how unlike are the commercial, financial, and business ties which bind Mexico and Central and South America to London from those which exist between the peoples of those States and New York. Quite one-half as much space is given in the London *Times* to the price of investments in Mexico, Central and South America as to investments in our own country. New York newspapers scarce ever give quotations and prices for the former. Everything in the way of Central and South American investments has attention in London. The great part of the money for internal improvements by the governments and people to the south of us on this hemisphere comes from London, and not from New York. As the volume of loanable capital increases among ourselves, and seeks the risks and higher rates of Spanish America (and yet Argentine 5s sell in London for 97, Brazilian 5s for 104, Buenos Ayres 6s for 103, Chilian 4½s for 104, Uruguay 5s for 74), our commercial relations with those countries will be closer, if we do not repel them by what we call our "protective system." Unless we can form with the States to the south of us a customs union, surrounded by a custom-house wall of protective taxes against all the rest of the world, we shall have to abandon competition with Britons, Germans, and Frenchmen in those neutral markets until we modify our own mediæval taxing laws and stop taxing imported raw materials.

It will be edifying to hear or read the reply of Mr. Harrison's delegates (and especially if they all shall be Republican protectionists) to their South and Central American colleagues when they are demanding that we shall tear down or reduce our custom-house walls in order that Spanish-speaking people to the south of us may send hither and sell to us their products; that we shall modify our clumsy and senseless taxes in order that our own people may produce as cheaply as Britons, so that Central as well as Spanish America may be thereby enabled to buy of us, instead of buying of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen.

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"CORP." TANNER.

THE indications are strong that Tanner will be dismissed from the Pension Bureau within a short period. He should never have been appointed, even if President Harrison had not solemnly pledged himself to the people of the United States that, "in appointments in every grade and department, fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test." Now, the presumption that a "Corp." is unfit to take charge of a great public office is just as strong as the presumption that a "Fatty" is unfit to take charge of a city prison. This particular "Corp." had undoubtedly a very strong claim on the public care. He lost both his legs at Bull Run, but it is only in 'Alice in Wonderland' that the loss of a man's limbs becomes of itself a qualification for high public office. In this case there was no other. Tanner is an illiterate man, with no business training and a very slight sense of responsibility. He once held a sinecure at the Custom-house in this city, and at the same time carried on a pension agency, and was with difficulty compelled to do some work for his salary and give up the pension agency. Moreover, he is loose-tongued and light-headed, with little more sense of duty to the public than "Fatty" Walsh had when he became a jailer. That President Harrison, fresh from his oath of office, and fresh from his promises to put none but the fit on guard, should have sent for a man of this description, and have turned him loose into a great financial department of the Government, with the demoralizing remark, "Be liberal to the boys," was surely a very extraordinary act.

Consider for a moment what the office is of which Tanner was put in charge. He actually has the disbursing of a sum larger than the total expenses of the Government before the war. In 1860 the total expenses of the Government were in round numbers $66,000,000. The outgo in pensions last year was in round numbers $80,000,000, and Tanner said in a recent speech that he was debating whether he would next year ask for $110,000,000 or $115,000,000. Eighty millions was last year nearly one-third of the total expenses of the Government, besides the pensions. Were Tanner to get what he wants, he would next year have the disbursement of a sum more than half as large as the other expenses of the Government. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Treasurer, who are usually men of education and experienced financiers, have hardly any discretion in the distribution of the funds which they control. They are tied down by law in the disposal of every cent of it. They cannot be "liberal" with it without committing a crime. But the Commissioner of Pensions has, through his control of or influence over the examining boards, almost absolute discretion in deciding whether a man shall have a pension, what the amount shall be, and whether he is entitled to arrears, which in some cases amount to a small fortune.

This is prodigious power for any man to possess in dealing with a fund of $80,000,000. There are not many men in America fit to exercise it. We doubt if any man in any country was ever allowed to exercise it until now; certainly no man like Tanner ever was. Its committal to him was all the more extraordinary because the President, of course, knows as well as any one what big battalions of cheats and humbugs march behind the honest veterans who are now claiming the national bounty. Every one who witnessed a battle during the war knows what a host of skulks and deserters filled the fields and roads in the rear, how shameless they were, and how little they seemed to care how their comrades fared at the front. These men are not now trying to escape observation by any means. The memory of their exploits in active service does not cover them with confusion. On the contrary, they are everywhere the loudest-mouthed and most rapacious and most ostentatious applicants for cash rewards for wearing the uniform and keeping out of danger. Tanner himself has been tried by the Brooklyn post of the G. A. R. to which he belongs on the charge of having been a straggler when he was wounded. His account of the occasion was exceedingly cloudy. He was one of thirty-five men of the Eighty-seventh New York who marched to the second Bull Run without colors or officers, and there were only five of them together—he could not explain why—when he got under fire. But it is to his credit that he *was* under fire, and that the enemy were able to get at him with shell, while he was lying down reading in an orchard, after having distributed pears to "the boys." There are thousands of noisy veterans to-day who have not half so good a story to tell, and the more solemn the obligation of the country to reward those who never flinched, the more imperative the duty of separating the wheat from the chaff, and seeing to it that cowards do not share the rewards of valor. For such work there could, of course, hardly be a more unfit person than Tanner, and how to reconcile his selection for the place with Gen. Harrison's sense of public and private obligation, as described by himself, we confess we do not know.

THE TREASURY AND THE TARIFF BILLS.

PROBABLY until Congress has assembled will not be revealed unto the taxpayers the plan and purpose which underlie the call by the Treasury on the chief tax-gatherers at the large ports to examine the Mills bill, the Randall bill, and the Senate bill of the last Congress, and give their opinions on certain indicated features of each of the three bills. There is fair ground for inference that the movement is an Administration movement, having the assent of the Republican "Boys" and the associations of manufacturers which are in a position to dictate, if they see fit, the tariff policy of the present Executive. It is safe to say that neither the Mills bill nor the Randall bill has been committed to the examination and criticism of the newly appointed tax-gatherers in order to strengthen either of them. Nor is it absolutely certain that word has not been sent by the Treasury, through its special agents, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Chicago to "knife" the Senate bill.

The legislation on the tariff by the last Congress had for a chief motive and reason the extinction of a rapidly increasing and dangerous surplus; but between the conspicuously successful efforts of Tanner as a surplus-reducer, the payments for bond-buying, and schemes of various sorts for depleting the Treasury balance which have leaped to light since the 4th of March, a surplus will no longer be an exhortation to taxation reform. The Republican leaders may not now be willing to repeal the internal tobacco tax or cut down the external sugar tax. A great deal will, however, depend on Tanner. He has increased pension payments for July and August of this year by $10,000,000 beyond what they were for the corresponding months of last year. The Treasury surplus, which was $107,500,000 a year ago, is now only $40,500,000. Tariff reform is plainly not any longer to turn on the surplus. If our customs taxes were not so severe on consumption, and chiefly on consumption by workingmen, but bore heavier on the property and savings, or accumulations, of the well-to-do and the rich, Tanner might be looked upon as a butler siphoning, by Tichenor's aid, capital out of the rich man's bottle into the bottle of the "Boys"; but unfortunately the money which he pays out in pensions is wrung by Tichenor chiefly out of the wages of labor. Tichenor well knows that when he added 19 per cent. to the taxes on worsted clothing, he added that much more weight for the laboring men to carry on their holidays and Sunday outings. Tanner takes that money and flings it to the Boys in Blue, and would pour it into the laps of the widows of the "Boys" when they marry again.

It would be an orderly and commendable procedure if the Treasury would prepare a tariff bill *de novo* and submit it to Congress as an Administration measure. Only the Administration can know with how much money Tanner intends annually to enrich the "Boys," and what sum the Administration will require for the next fiscal year. It may be 300, or 400, or 500 millions all told. Perhaps Tanner knows not. Who does, if not the Administration? Congress will probably add liberal schemes of its own to the Administration fads, whatever they are, and will increase taxes to provide the money therefor. But the Administration should be able to say what annual sum it wished, and the Treasury should be competent to put on paper its plan of taxation to raise that sum. But is it competent? Who in the Treasury can do it? Assume the sum of money annually required to be 300 millions or 400 millions, more or less, who in the Treasury can, between now and next December, devise and vindicate the details of a safe and wise plan of taxation to bring in that sum? How much shall be assigned to the internal and how much to the external revenue? How much of it shall be paid by articles having an origin *outside*, and how much by articles having an origin *inside* our country? Who is there now in the Treasury capable

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of preparing and sending to Congress two plans, one to raise the needed annual sum on a purely revenue basis, a tariff only for revenue, and the other showing a variation and increase of rates in order to promote, protect, and preserve our industries according to the protective idea on which Harrison was chosen, or believes he was chosen, to be President?

Such a task would be far beyond the physical and probably beyond the mental competency of Secretary Windom. He is already wearied and worn by the pestilent office-seekers. He has had no time carefully to familiarize himself with customs law, which is as abstruse and artificial as patent law or the law of real estate. He must take it all at second hand from Col. Tichenor or Capt. (it is pleasant nowadays to use a military title less than that of General) Macgregor of the Customs Division. Assistant-Secretary Batcheller has not much more acquaintance with the details of customs law, tariff law, and Federal taxation than a Sioux Indian chief. No one remains but Col. Tichenor, whose experience and training in the Treasury have been in the work, and according to the mental and moral methods, of a customs detective at home and abroad. And, besides, his health, never robust, has already been seriously impaired by his endeavor to work out in the Treasury the scheme of the syndicate of manufacturing associations which fancy they put Harrison in the White House, and demand the execution of the "bond of iniquity" by which the putting was accomplished. It is plain to see that Tichenor's tariff will be the tariff of that syndicate which has compelled an increase of taxes by Treasury order on worsteds, silks, and all along the line. But, nevertheless, if we are to have a new tax law from this Republican Congress, embodying the ideas which Harrison will say triumphed by his election, it is proper that it come from the Treasury. Will it? Can it? Who is to prepare it?

MANNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We are hearing a good deal just now of the need of other kinds of training than mere literary training in the schools. There is a loud demand, not only for manual, but for moral and religious training—something very hard to get in a satisfactory shape, because its efficiency must largely depend on the character of the teacher. It is not every teacher who can make himself or herself a moral or religious influence, or even furnish a proper vehicle for moral or religious instruction. But there is a branch of ethics which might be taught in every school, and which ought to be taught in every school, but is grossly neglected to the great national detriment—we mean what is called manners or "minor morals." In this field it is safe to say our common schools do nothing, or next to nothing, and there is none within their reach in which they might do so much.

We are not now talking of the kind of demeanor in ordinary intercourse known as "politeness," though this is terribly deficient in nearly all our boys and girls. Little or nothing is done in the schools to combat the mischievous delusion that sauvity of manner is a confession of social or other inferiority, and that in order to preserve his self-respect and maintain his republican equality, an American has to be surly or indifferent, after the manner of hotel clerks or expressmen, and too often salesmen and "salesladies" in stores. The result is, that we have probably the worst-mannered children in the civilized world. And the result of this neglect of the schools is to give a great many young people a dull, unready air—that is, they avoid quick responsiveness, lest it should seem like servile eagerness to please, and the habit of dilatory answering ends in giving an appearance of dulness and stupidity. One of the great uses of schools is to fortify the children of the State against whatever is evil and deteriorating in the political or economical condition of their lives. One of the great uses of American schools should be to fortify American boys and girls against the bad influence, either on mind or manners, of the passion for equality pushed to extremes, and the still more corrupting passion for notoriety fostered by the newspapers.

One of the defects in our civilization to which attention is now being called by the preparation for the Exposition is the filthy and squalid condition of our streets and highways and the surroundings of our houses. Everybody who has seen a foreign capital anticipates with more or less shame the arrival in New York of people who are accustomed to the comfort and cleanliness of London or Paris or Vienna. No doubt much of this filth and squalor is due to defective municipal administration. But, unfortunately, it is not New York alone which suffers from it. Similar nuisances are to be encountered in every town and village in the State, and no merely legislative or official remedy will be effectual without a reform in popular habits, which must begin in the schools.

It is not easy to teach neatness to grown men and women, but it is possible to infuse into children a horror of the anti-social practice which helps a great deal to disfigure and vulgarize our cities, and especially this city, of throwing down refuse of whatever nature—peanut shells, bits of paper, ends of cigarettes and cigars, old shoes, hats, ashes, saliva or other excretions—in places frequented by or seen by one's fellow-citizens, such as streets, roads, lanes, sidewalks, public stairways, etc. Our indifference to this practice, which appears to be the result of a long familiarity, is incomprehensible to foreigners. It disappeared from European countries completely fully one hundred years ago. It is now found nowhere in the Eastern hemisphere except in Turkish or other Mussulman towns and cities, and is looked upon as the sure sign of a low civilization. It is considered in every European city a grievous offence against a man's neighbors to make any public display of offal, or to sit down quietly in the presence of filth or rubbish of any description. A horror of it might be taught to every child in the public schools by any average teacher. To instil it should be one of a teacher's first duties, for it must be remembered that the chief observable superiority of the civilized man over the savage lies in the greater cleanliness of his person and dwelling. Nothing about an Indian encampment is so revolting as the indifference of the inhabitants about their garbage and refuse. If they get it outside their door, it is the most they strive for. When it is remembered that two-thirds, probably, of the houses, stores, and offices in this city deposit their sweepings in the streets, and follow them in many cases with the slops, one has a humiliating sense of our nearness to the Crow or the Apache in some of our social usages. No child should leave the public schools without having a dread of refuse ground into him. He should be taught to hate the sight of unswept streets or sidewalks, of saliva-stained marble or granite, of ashes and refuse of every description, and especially of bits of newspapers and ends of cigars, as signs of gross selfishness and a low social tone.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—II.

Oregon, August, 1889.

That there could be no better way of investing capital than by building reservoirs is shown by the fact, recently pointed out by the California State Board of Trade, that ten years ago the lands of Fresno sold at from $3 to $20 per acre, while now, with water on it, the same land sells at from $75 to $750 per acre. Equally great is the gain from an æsthetic point of view. Without water four-fifths of Southern California is a dreary cactus-desert during the greater part of the year; with water it is a veritable garden-grove. Nothing could be more delightful than to watch the effect of water in this magic climate, when the first rains fall in October or November. Up to that period everything except the irrigated garden and orchard oases wears a parched yellow and brown aspect; but hardly has the rain penetrated a few inches into the soil when the grass turns green, and, before the eye has become accustomed to the change, gaudy flowers, gradually increasing in variety and abundance, spring up on all sides, even on land which appeared to be pure sand, but which on closer examination proves to be rich in decomposed vegetable matter. The irrigated gardens have an abundance of choice flowers all the year round, and the garden of the house where I lived, though without the slightest pretensions, had in full bloom, in January, petunias, calla lilies, violets, honeysuckles, geraniums (six feet in height), stock, California poppy, hyacinths, smilax, heliotropes, nasturtiums, red, white, yellow, and *green* roses, etc. In February a frost nipped the leaves of the bananas, heliotropes, and nasturtiums, but in a few days they were out again, and of the three or four subsequent frosts none was heavy enough to injure them, while the other flowers mentioned grew uninjured all the "winter." This was at Anaheim, twelve miles from the sea and twenty-eight miles south of Los Angeles, and gives a better idea of the climate than columns of statistics. Nor was it an exceptional year, for there are orange trees in the State over eighty years old, and at the San Fernando Rey Mission olive trees over a hundred years old, proving that in all this period there has been no

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frost sufficiently severe or prolonged to injure these sensitive trees. In 1880 a little snow fell in Los Angeles County—just enough to astonish the young folks who had never before seen any; nor have they seen any since. The only time when ice ever forms (never more than a quarter of an inch in thickness) is immediately before sunrise, and hardly has the sun risen above the horizon when it disappears again.

To this short duration of the occasional frosts is attributed the fact that they do not kill the semi-tropical vegetation, as happens occasionally in southern Europe; and at nine or ten o'clock the California farmers may be seen ploughing for their winter wheat in shirt sleeves. Hence sufferers from pulmonary complaints who cannot endure cold, will not know that the thermometer ever reaches freezing point if they remain in bed till the sun has been out for half an hour. Immediately after sunset they will again need the protection of the house, or of a spring overcoat, as the temperature at that time suddenly drops ten to thirty degrees. But while the sun shines they cannot afford or desire to lose its rays for a single minute. It is the very luxury of existence to walk, ride, or hunt in the Southern California February sunshine. The oldest inhabitants, used to it as they are, cannot help muttering every morning, "What a fine day!" January, February, March, and April, the very four months which are the most disagreeable of the twelve in the East, are here the most perfect: the sky of the deepest blue, the air neither cold nor warm, exhilarating, and laden with the perfumes of orange blossoms and wild flowers. There are of course some disagreeable days, but they are few and far between, there being but twelve to twenty rainy days in Los Angeles County during the whole "rainy season" from November to May, so that invalids hardly ever miss their sun-bath. Dr. C. B. Bates mentions, in the *Southern California Practitioner*, the case of a consumptive who kept a record of the weather at Santa Barbara, and found that in a year there were but fifteen days upon which he was confined to the house, ten of them being rainy and five windy; and another case of a lady who, without any other than a brush shelter, spent all of eighteen months except nine nights in the open air.

This will appear the more remarkable in view of a certain peculiarity of Southern California rains. Elsewhere, people often exclaim: "If we only had fine weather in the daytime, I shouldn't care how much it rained at night!" Here this wish is fulfilled, for most of the rain falls at night. Some will be ready to cry out against the "eternal monotony" of this sunshine, but on arriving on the ground they will find this objection purely theoretical, and will be only too glad to know that they can make projects for work or pleasure, for picnics or excursions, weeks ahead, with an almost absolute certainty of having fine weather. Still, there are a few day-showers to break the "monotony," and they make up in profusion what they lack in frequency—a fascinating spectacle to the senses, and still more to the imagination, which evokes pictures of prosperous grain-fields and lovely flower-meadows. Surely that must be pronounced an ideal climate for an invalid and valitudinarian where every rainy day, even during the so-called rainy season, is regarded as a special dispensation of a kind "Providence," is commented upon in jubilant editorials by the journalists (who had for some time predicted "better weather," *i. e.*, rain), and is recorded in telegraphic tables noting the daily rainfall in every town, to the hundredth of an inch! And be it admitted that there is ground for this jubilation, for in three years out of ten the rainfall is insufficient, and then the crops suffer, except where irrigation is practised.

In this immunity from rain-storms, Southern California possesses a great advantage over other winter resorts for invalids, but it is only one out of half-a-dozen advantages which may here be briefly touched upon. The first and most important is the dryness of the atmosphere, which favors the rapid radiation of the earth's heat, so that the nights are always cool enough for refreshing sleep, even in midsummer, and sleep is the best of all medicines. So dry is this air that strips of beef can be jerked in it by simply letting them hang out doors till desiccated. And the strangest part of it is that the sea breeze, which always blows during the hottest hours of the day, is a dry wind too—a circumstance which some have tried to account for by considering it a sort of undertow, or a wave of air which came from the dry desert lands to the eastward and returns thither, absorbing but little moisture during its brief contact with the ocean. But whatever the cause of this dryness, it is a great hygienic factor, which this region can play out as one of its highest trumps against Florida and Italy. No enervating, malarial swamp winds, no sultriness, such as often makes suicide a welcome thought in the East, will ever oppress any one in this Western sanitarium, not even during the rainy spells. Nor has California ever suffered from yellow fever, like Florida, or from the cholera, which is a constant menace in Spain, Italy, and Sicily. Again, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in Europe as well as in Africa, the invalid will find it almost impossible to obtain comfortable lodgings and proper food, except in the large cities, while in California he can find home comforts in any village and many farm-houses in the midst of the wildest scenery and purest air. Never will his nostrils be offended here by the pestilential odors which poison the air within a radius of several miles of Italian and Spanish cities; nor will he ever be compelled by the muddy condition of the streets to take his walks all winter long on the roof of the hotel, as the proprietor of the Continental at Tangier told me some of his invalid winter-guests did. What a life compared with the floral walks, the hunting, fishing, and picnicking on the dry ground and under the blue rainless sky of Los Angeles or San Diego County! Surely, Southern California is destined to become the sanitarium, not only of America, but of Europe as well.

What makes the fulfilment of this prophecy the more probable is the circumstance that California is an all-the-year-round sanitarium, and not one of the mere winter resorts which compel the unwilling invalids to pack up and seek a new clime when May is gone. No one would dream of spending the summer at Malaga, Cannes, Naples, Palermo, Algiers, or Jacksonville, exposed to a sultry, malarial atmosphere and the danger of deadly epidemics; whereas California has countless places where summer and winter are alike, or rather alike unknown, the only season known being an eternal spring. Many residents in our Eastern and Middle States have often wondered what has become of the spring which used to form one of our seasons. It has followed the general tide of immigration, has gone West, and may now be found in riotous profusion along the coast and the foothills of California. Not that all parts of Southern California are as exempt from a summer season as they are of winter. On the contrary, there are many most desirable winter resorts which invalids and tourists will be only too glad to abandon in June, such as Riverside and other places too far in the interior to get the benefit of the afternoon sea-breezes. Even so near the sea as Los Angeles, it is by no means pleasant to be exposed directly to the rays of the July sun; yet, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere—which, moreover, increases as the heat increases—100° are not so oppressive here as 90° in New York. Besides, in the East there is no refuge from the all-pervading heat except in a cellar; whereas here one needs only to step into the shade to find relief, the difference between the sunny and the shady side of a house running as high as 30°. Finally, as Southern California has an average width of only forty miles, it takes only an hour or two to reach the seacoast, where it is always pleasant; and cool mountain resorts are equally accessible everywhere, as can be seen by a glance at the map, which is blackened by groups and chains of mountains, attaining in the San Bernardino range a height of over eleven thousand feet. No wonder that camping is the favorite pastime of the Californian in summer—and not only of the wealthy; for as the farmer does all his work in winter, he can lie fallow in summer, like his somnolent fields, and pitch his tent along any beach or cañon he chooses; and camp-life is so inexpensive, especially when rod and rifle are available, that the poorest can indulge in this luxury during the warmest months.

Surely, when the human race cuts its wisdom teeth, it will no longer crowd into dirty, noisy, malodorous cities, but will seek health and fresh air all the year round. Southern California will loom up more and more as an ideal place for building up a vast city in the country, so to speak—a city in which each house will be surrounded by ten or twenty acres of irrigated land, capable of producing all the fruits and vegetables, eggs and poultry needed by the family, and shaded by one of the fifty varieties of eucalyptus trees already imported from Australia, or by the spacious pepper tree, and a small orange, peach, and fig orchard. Such a city could be built up in a few years, with shade and all. Elsewhere when people plant trees, they do so for the benefit of posterity; here a row of the eucalyptus will grow in a few years large enough to afford abundance of shade. Noiseless electric railways will traverse this country town in every direction, bringing the scattered population to the business places and centres of amusement. But they will not crave the artificial excitements of city life as they do now, for when there are no excursions to the sea or the mountains, the fascinating care of the orange groves and flower gardens will absorb all the leisure moments. What novel, what theatrical play, could afford so much amusement as the daily irrigation of a flower-bed, and noticing how the plants grow visibly and in a few weeks develop into exotic wildernesses of tropical and semi-tropical flowers of the most gorgeous colors and unheard-of size? Or watching a rose bush as it gradually intertwines itself among the branches of an orange tree, which some morning will present the bewitching spectacle of a tree bearing red roses, white orange blossoms, and golden oranges all at the same time? Or sitting under this orange tree in February, listening to a mocking-bird perched on its branches, and reading in your paper about the blizzards and storms of the East, and the tornadoes and cyclones which you know will never visit your home? Why should our novelists lay the scenes of their tales in Andalusia when we have an Andalusia of our own right here on the Pacific Coast? At one time it formed part of the so-called Great American Desert, but in the next cen-

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tury it will be known as the Great American Paradise.

Yet let not the coming population of the Pacific Andalusia fancy that they will be spared all the trials and annoyances of life. Even Southern California has its disadvantages — quite enough to prevent it from degenerating into a Utopia. Thus you will some morning be standing in your garden admiring your favorite banana bush. Suddenly it will tremble and sink into the ground a foot or two. Earthquakes are not unknown in this region, but they don't "strike in one place" like that. No, it was one of those irrepressible gophers, the terror of the rural Californian. They will eat the roots of your fruit trees and choicest flowers, regardless of expense, and though cats and traps will catch them and irrigation drowns them, the neighboring fields always furnish a fresh supply; and what is worse, their subterranean passages from these fields serve as tunnels which carry off your water, and make you pay twice as much for irrigation as you would have needed but for those holes. Then there are scale bugs of all colors, which attack your orange trees and have to be sprayed off; and a mysterious disease which kills your vines; and small green insects which eat up your flowers and buds; so you need a whole drug store to combat them. Rabbits will eat your vegetables and grape-vines, and the quails will feed on your grapes; and, to add insult to injury, the Los Angeles sporting clubs have succeeded in passing a law which prevents you from shooting these birds at a time when it would do most to protect your crops. However, if you are a sportsman, you will forgive and observe this law, which enables you at other times to shoot at a flock of quail in your own vegetable garden, though you live in a town of two or three thousand inhabitants.

The desolate appearance which all the unirrigated parts of the country present after May must also be reckoned among the disadvantages of this climate; for a sensitive soul can hardly help feeling pity for the drooping, parched vegetation, especially after noticing once with what eagerness it drinks in the first rain of the autumn, with as much evident enjoyment as a Bavarian emptying his mug of beer at a draught. Nor can one help admitting that the orange groves and eucalyptus avenues, delightful as they are, cannot entirely atone for the absence of green forests—for Southern California, except in the foothills, is as treeless as Spain, which it resembles in so many other respects—and a single oak tree has more than once furnished the nucleus of a town. The higher mountains are as bare of trees as the valleys, but this is compensated for by the consequent greater clearness and variety of the sculptured outlines, and by the snows which fall during every rain-storm, sometimes extending almost down to the foothills. In the clear southern atmosphere these mountains, though they be fifty or sixty miles away, seem to be almost within stone's throw, and as they are visible everywhere, they constitute one of the greatest charms of Southern California. Once in a while, however, this view is spoiled for a day or two by one of those desert winds and sand-storms which are the most annoying features of this climate, and are known as the Norther, or the "Santa Ana" wind, as the Anaheimers call it, in order to give a hated rival town a bad name. Without being a hurricane, or even a gale, this wind reaches a considerable velocity, is as dry and warm as if it came from an oven, and raises clouds of dust which obscure the sun and mountains as effectually as the smoke of the forest fires does in Oregon, and a film of which even lines the waters of the Pacific to a considerable distance from the shore. If I finally mention that this dust, even when it lies quietly on the ground two or three inches thick during seven or eight months of the year, is by no means a desirable thing to have about, I shall have mentioned all the serious blemishes that I could discover on the face of this fair country; and they are so insignificant compared with its attractions that I have given them the advantage of having the last word in this letter, confident that they cannot essentially modify the opinion therein expressed as to the future of Southern California.

HENRY T. FINCK.

ARTISTIC DISCOVERIES IN VITERBO.

ROME, August 10, 1889.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA ALMADIANO, a noble Viterbese, prelate of the chamber and friend of Leo X., was sent, soon after 1500, on an embassy to Germany. He there became acquainted with a gentleman from Mantua, whom he cared for most affectionately during a mortal illness. Before his death the Mantuan confided to Almadiano that his only regret was that he had not been able to carry out his cherished plan of erecting a church and monastery for the Carmelite brothers of the congregation of Mantua. To comfort his last moments, Almadiano promised that immediately on his return to Italy he would himself carry out this plan. And so he did, building in Viterbo a fine church, dedicated to St. John, and an elegant cloister, and giving them to the Carmelites. The architect was Giuliano da San Gallo; the sculptor, Andrea della Robbia; the painter, Sebastiano del Piombo. These names have only now been connected with the monument, through the following discoveries of Cav. Ettore Gentili, whose acquaintance with the monuments of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in Italy is exceptionally thorough.

In 1870 the Italian Government, as is well known, deprived the religious corporations of many of their buildings, giving them to the communes for public use. The church of S. Giovanni was then made into a gymnasium, and an infant asylum was established in the monastery. The municipality appointed a committee charged to select whatever works of art were worthy of being placed in the museum. From all the contents of the church this committee selected for preservation only what they called "a wooden bust of little value," for the sole reason that on the pedestal was the inscription, *Jo. Bap. Almadianus MDX.* The bust was covered with several thick coats of plaster and colors laid on at various times by barbarous hands, but Gentili recognized that under all this must be a terra-cotta by a master of the best period of the Renaissance. A careful removal of the black, red, and yellow paint disclosed a superb work. The head is a remarkably living likeness, with high and thoughtful brow, lips full, and eyes large and intelligent. The broad and chaste style, the surety of modelling, and the masterly execution had already indicated Andrea della Robbia as the author; and this conjecture of Gentili was confirmed by the discovery of documents showing that Andrea was at this very time working in Viterbo for Almadiano, for whom he executed the beautiful lunette over the door of the church of S. Giovanni, while for the Dominicans he made the famous lunettes of the church of S. Maria della Quercia.

A few days later, Gentili was engaged in verifying some inscriptions in the chapel of Lorenzo di Giacomo, in the suppressed church of the Verità. The ladder was about to be placed on top of a pile of old canvases, but he opposed this act of carelessness and insisted on examining these paintings, though assured that they were merely old rubbish fit only to be burned. In one of these canvases, condemned to destruction, he recognized, under several pounds of dirt and plaster, the hand of Sebastiano del Piombo, the great rival of Raphael and the intimate friend and companion of Michelangelo. This painting, 2.85 metres high by 2 metres wide, was at once carried to the Communal Museum. It was cleaned and found to be in perfect preservation. It contains five life-size figures, and the subject is the Baptism. In drawing and color this painting is remarkable: the figure of Christ stands out in such powerful relief, is of so solid a coloring and so true an anatomy, as to fully justify the reputation of this master, great in a period of giants. It is strange that this work has never been mentioned or recognized, and still more strange that the committee, even if unable to recognize its author, should not have realized its merit. And this, notwithstanding the fact that two other famous works by Sebastiano del Piombo are in the Museum of Viterbo itself: the Flagellation and the Pietà. In both of these the life-size figure of Christ is identical with that in the Baptism in form, play of light, and color; and in the Flagellation the head of one of the executioners is the same as that of St. Peter Martyr kneeling by the side of Christ in the Baptism. The beauty and authenticity of the new painting are now generally recognized. Its history was investigated, and it was found to have been originally placed over the high altar of the church of S. Giovanni: it was consequently ordered by Almadiano.

The lucky discoverer also noticed in the church itself the following inscription: *D. O. M. Has Carmelitanas ædes ac templum per Leonem X. sacro fonte decoratum, illique B. M. Virginis de Peste sacellum prope fontem ejusdem Pontificis diplomate lenitum, Joannis Baptiste Almadiani nobilis Viterbiensis insignis pietas in Deiparæ obsequium excitavit, extruxit an. Dni. MDXV tanto benefactori oberat Patres grati animi monumentum posuere.* A search for this *sacellum prope fontem* dedicated to the Virgin disclosed an elegant little octagonal church, with a door whose imposts were beautifully carved in relief. But its interior was bare, covered with a yellowish coat of plaster. Gentili judged that neither Almadiano nor the Carmelites would have left the building so unadorned, and that under the plaster would be found paintings of the first years of the sixteenth century. The removal of the plaster in certain parts has already brought to light four large figures by Giovanni Spagna, the pupil of Perugino. Three are in a niche, and represent S. Antonio and S. Bernardino on either side of S. Sebastiano: this central figure is perfect in design, and, like all the S. Sebastianos of the Umbrian school, is of refined elegance. The figure is nude, and stands out from a background of a dark brownish red; the saint is wounded, and the expression of his face shows his suffering, but is self-contained and dignified. The opposite niche contains merely the figure of S. Giovanni di Dio, superbly modelled, and covered with drapery that falls in broad soft folds over slender and nervous limbs. The relief of this sympathetic and expressive figure is such as to give one, at first, the impression of an antique sculpture. Gentili hopes to discover other figures on either side. Meantime, he has uncovered, on the outer edges of the niche, two painted pilasters whereon, with facile hand, Giovanni Spagna designed two *candellieri*, in

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which are graceful interlaced figures of men and animals, real and fantastic, leaves and branches, and vases of graceful shapes. C.

THE SON OF A KING.

PARIS, August 22, 1889.

THE letters written by the eldest son of Louis Philippe, who was called the Duke of Orleans after his father mounted the throne, have just been published by his two sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. The premature death of the Duke of Orleans has always been considered as one of the causes of the Revolution of 1848. The nation lost its confidence in the future of the dynasty when it was represented only by an old king and a child. The Duke of Orleans had great prestige, and when he became the victim of the most unfortunate and unforeseen accident, he was mourned by the whole nation. I opened with much curiosity the volume, edited by his sons, as I was very anxious to discover from the Duke's correspondence if he was worthy of his great popularity and reputation. I have never heard anybody speak of him except with praise: his surviving brothers never mention him except with admiration and with a sort of respect which is rather uncommon between brothers. I must say that, after reading the correspondence of the Duke of Orleans, I came to the conclusion that his reputation has not been overrated, and I am inclined to think that the promises which he gave would even have been surpassed:

"Et les fruits passeront les promesses des fleurs."

The events which we see under our eyes help us to understand the past. The Duke of Orleans had, for a man just arrived at manhood when his father ascended the throne, a very clear comprehension of the state of Europe and of its future. Under the Restoration, Louis Philippe remained, as it were, in the shade; he did not conspire against the Bourbons, but he educated his children in a spirit which was somewhat different from theirs. His salon at the Palais Royal was opened to the marshals and generals of the Empire; his oldest son heard from their own mouths the history of the great wars of the Revolution and the Empire. He was allowed to mix with young men of his time who were more distinguished by their talent than by their birth. Among his friends we find Alfred de Musset; there are several letters of the Duke to him which show a great intimacy. (One of the finest of Musset's poems was the one which he wrote after the untimely death of the Duke of Orleans.) We find also letters addressed to Colonel (afterwards General) Marbot, who had been on the staff of Marshal Ney (the unpublished memoirs of General Marbot are among the most extraordinary documents on the period of the First Empire). His aunt, Mme. Adelaide, who was the Egeria of Louis Philippe till she died—a person of uncommon character and intelligence—took the greatest interest in him.

Under such influences, and with a father like Louis Philippe, who has not unjustly been called the modern Ulysses, and who had seen many men and many places, it is easy to imagine that the Duc de Chartres (so he was called till his father became king) developed rapidly, and as soon as he became Prince Royal we find him imbued with the highest sense of his duties and responsibilities. He must be judged from the standpoint of 1830. The Revolution of 1830 was not only a movement towards a more liberal and parliamentary form of monarchy; it must not be forgotten that it was also a national movement against the treaties of 1815. It was a form of what is now called the *revanche*—a protest against the Holy Alliance which had humbled France and placed her under a sort of tutelage. The Duke of Orleans was essentially a representative of the Revolution in a national sense; and in his remarkable preface, the Comte de Paris insists upon this point. In the will which the Duke of Orleans made at Toulon on the 9th of April, 1840, before starting for Africa, he says:

"It is a great and difficult task to prepare the Comte de Paris for the destiny which awaits him, as nobody at present can know what this child will be when the question arises of reconstituting on a new basis a society which has for its foundation only the mutilated remains of its previous organizations. But whether the Comte de Paris be one of those instruments which are broken before they have been made use of, or whether he be one of the workers in this social regeneration which is only dimly foreseen through great obstacles and perhaps rivers of blood; whether he be King or merely an obscure defender of the cause to which we all belong, he must above all be a man of his time and of his nation; he must be a Catholic, and a passionate, exclusive servant of France and of the Revolution."

Speaking of this passage, which has often been cited, the Comte de Paris says that "by the word Revolution, the Duke of Orleans merely means France in arms against the European coalition, resisting foreign intervention in its domestic affairs; France opposing the hostility of the European Powers by means of the pacific diffusion of doctrines which have become the basis of all modern governments, but which were then, let us not forget, proudly repudiated by the principal Continental monarchies."

The Duke of Orleans was not in the position in which the Comte de Paris now finds himself; the whole Legitimist party looked upon him as the son of a usurper. The division between the Legitimist and the Orleanist parties has now come to an end, since the death of the Comte de Chambord, and it is natural that the Comte de Paris should not desire to consider himself the representative of Revolutionary ideas. His personality represents exactly the reverse of these ideas. The European changes which his father desired have been accomplished; and, to the credit of Louis Philippe, it must be said that the hostility which Europe showed him at first, ceased when he revealed himself the most firm representative of peace.

A little temerity and enthusiasm can easily be pardoned in a young man. The Duke of Orleans was convinced that great changes were impending in Europe. He writes in 1831 to the Comte de Saint-Priest about the "complete and durable pacification of Italy, which can have stability only if it be supported by liberal institutions." Long before Cavour and Napoleon III., he thinks of the regeneration of Italy; he sees with "extreme pain" the invasion of the Romagna by the Austrians. During a visit which he makes in Alsace with his father, in 1831, he writes to his aunt, Mme. Adelaide: "What the King must say, with the clearness which is his characteristic, is that he will always put himself at the head of the nation and repulse the enemy." He did not perhaps understand very clearly the state of Germany. The King had received in Strasbourg the visit of four German princes—the King of Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Margrave his brother, and his brother-in-law, Prince von Fürstenberg.

"Since these German Princes are here," writes the Duke of Orleans to his aunt, "I should like the King to take advantage of it, and to render them thoroughly French. It is very important that France should undo slowly the Germanic Confederacy as constructed in hatred of us by the Holy Alliance, and should help to form a new one which would be in accord with our ideas, and in which we should exercise the influence which Austria and Prussia have exclusively reserved for themselves in the present confederacy."

You must not be too much surprised at this passage. When Napoleon III. embarked in the German war, French diplomacy was not much better informed as to the sentiments of the members of the German Confederacy. It must be said, also, that in 1831 the work of the unification of Germany was little advanced, that it was still purely ideal, and that it had found no expression in diplomacy and statesmanship.

In a letter to Marbot, written at Mulhouse in 1831, the Duke of Orleans returns to the subject:

"I have strongly urged the King to profit by the presence of the German Princes in Strasbourg to strike a blow at this rotten edifice called the Germanic Confederacy, to this association directed by Austria and Prussia against France and the liberal ideas of which they fear the propagation. . . . It seemed to me that the Princes of Baden were as French as Germans can be. As for the King of Würtemberg, he is completely under Russian influence, and I think he cannot be trusted. The Deputies from Darmstadt and from Frankfort also expressed with frankness their desire to bind themselves to the French alliance; and, in general, if some German Princes are hostile to France, all the peoples, without exception, and especially the armies, have felt the need of rallying to the tricolor flag, which left among them memories of strength and greatness which nothing has effaced. I have had on this subject curious details from the various French diplomats whom I have seen here."

At a distance of nearly sixty years, these lines sound very extraordinary. To be sure, the Revolution of 1830 in France had excited some revolutionary movements in Saxony, in Cassel, in Brunswick, in the Rhenish provinces. The personal observations of the Duke of Orleans were correct, but there was much illusion in the minds of those who thought that the tricolor flag was in the German eyes only a symbol of greatness; the wars of Napoleon were not forgotten, nor the sufferings and humiliations of the invasions.

In Belgium the Duke of Orleans found another field for his plans of reorganization. France had obtained the permission of Europe, in case of a Dutch invasion, to march to the help of Belgium and to occupy the Belgian fortresses. "Every day this necessity of reconstructing Europe on a basis more reasonable, and less hostile to France and to the peoples in general, presents itself more to my mind. . . . What I invoke with all my prayers, what I would seal with my blood if necessary, is the rupture of the treaties of 1815 and a new organization of European society." At the end of this reorganization he sees a general disarmament of Europe. Such were the generous dreams of the young Prince.

"It will only be when the people have obtained more or less complete guarantees, more or less liberal institutions, that the Powers will disband their armies, which, everywhere except in Europe, are only assembled in order to oppose progress and the just exigencies of nations. So long as a single Power maintains a system as ruinous as it is contrary to the true interests of Government, the disarmament will be an impossibility, because it can only be general, because it must take place everywhere at the same moment."

In home politics we find the Duke of Orleans, in that early period of the reign of his father, on the side of the most liberal doctrines. To his Aunt Adelaide he writes on October 27, 1831, from Maubeuge: "The question of the peerage seems still to present many dangers. I hope that the Ministry will prepare by all possible means to force the adoption of article 23 of the Constitution by the Chamber of Peers." This article abolished the heredity of the peerage. I could not help thinking, as I read these lines,

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of the late Duc de Broglie, who once said to me: "Remember that, without an hereditary peerage, monarchy cannot live long."

The correspondence of the Duke extends till the time of his death. It will give every reader the impression that he was a man full of ardor, of patriotism; that he took an intense interest in public affairs, in the French army, in the greatness of his family and of his country. His style is very good, and at times becomes very eloquent. He clearly prepared himself for great things, and he died without having accomplished what he had dreamed. The preface of the Comte de Paris to the edition of his letters is a fine literary page. It is also a link between the past and the present, in a political sense.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

V.—THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART, 1789-1889—THE SCOPE OF THE EXHIBITION.

PARIS, August 12, 1889.

IN default of a catalogue of the Retrospective Exhibition, and owing to the difficulty of defining its limits in the great display in the Champ de Mars without some sort of official designations, I find, now that the catalogue is published and the works properly numbered, that I underestimated the extent of this part of the exhibition. The approximate figure of seven hundred works, which I gave in my first letter, turns out to be that of the oil paintings only, of which there are 652. The exhibition of drawings and water-colors includes 558 works, that of sculpture 140, that of engraving on medals 129, miniatures 76, architecture 376, and engraving and lithography 465. The total number of works in the Retrospective Exhibition is therefore 2,396.

While the exhibition of drawings, including as it does well-chosen works by such men as Ingres, Prud'hon, Géricault, Delacroix, Delaroche, David, Carpeaux, Baudry, Barye, and many others of value, and a collection of thirty drawings, mostly in pastels, by Millet, is of the greatest interest to those who wish to study the exhibition historically and in detail; while in the exhibition of architecture and engraving there is a rich display in which the special student will find the period of a hundred years of French art in these branches admirably illustrated, I shall not attempt to do more than give them this passing notice. Even in sculpture I shall be forced to note only a few names and cite but a few of the best works among the considerable number of admirable ones in this part of the Retrospective Exhibition.

Rude, Houdon, and Barye, a trio whose names have been chosen for the places of honor on the tablets in the interior of the dome of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, must first of all be mentioned. "L'Amour Dominateur," a statue in marble, which has been brought from the Museum at Dijon, and a cast in plaster of the celebrated figure of Cavaignac on his tomb in the Montmartre Cemetery, best exemplify Rude. By Houdon there are seven busts, a bronze figure of Apollo, and a cast of the Diana in the Louvre; and Barye is excellently represented by thirteen bronzes—"Jaguar Devouring a Hare" and "Panther Seizing a Deer" (both from M. Bonnat's collection, by the way) being most noteworthy. Then come Carpeaux, Clesinger, Carrier-Belleuse, Paul Dubois, Guillaume, Chapu, Falguière, Mercié, St. Marceaux, Aimé Millet, Fremiet, Cavelier, Thomas, and others, some represented by a single work only, for the exhibition is a picked one. Rodin has here a single piece, one of those bizarre manifestations which this now much-talked-of sculptor seems to delight in producing. It is a bronze mask, showing a strongly-marked face of a man, modelled with the greatest vigor and verve, and is famous as "L'Homme au Nez Cassé."

Though this collection has been judiciously chosen, and has been made as representative as it is possible to make an exhibition of sculpture where some of the best works of the men it is proposed to exemplify are in fixed places and cannot be taken temporarily to an exhibition, there is no doubt that the only way to study the sculpture of the past century in France is to go and see it *sur place;* and in Paris alone, in the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and in the public places and gardens, we can get a better idea of its extent and its merits than we can here. We should have to go to the Cathedral at Nantes to see the originals of the four figures by Dubois on the tomb of Gen. Lamoricière, and so the administration has placed plaster casts of them in the exhibition. In supplementing in this way what is to be seen in Paris itself, it is possible to get a comprehensive idea of the work of the sculptors, though, as has been said, that cannot be done in the Champ de Mars alone.

But the chief interest for the general public and for Americans especially is in the pictures. M. Proust and the committee of artists, critics, and directors of museums have drawn upon many private collections, and brought together works that have not been seen publicly for years. They have taken others from the museums in different cities in the provinces, some of the principal pictures of almost all of the painters belonging to the museums of their native towns, and have even had authority in certain cases to bring some works needed to make the representation complete from the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the National Gallery at Versailles. In consequence, they have been able to organize an exhibition which has never been equalled in France. Magnificent is the only word that fitly characterizes it.

The period illustrated is the hundred years from 1789 to 1889. Beginning with Fragonard (1732–1806), we find three pictures which connect directly the painting of the time of Louis XVI. with that of David (1748–1825) and his contemporaries Gérard, Drolling, and Prud'hon. Following Prud'hon are Ingres and Flandrin, from whom proceed such men of the school of our day as Baudry and Delaunay. Contemporary with Ingres are Gros, Géricault, and Delacroix, from whom are descended (1) the Barbizon Group (Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, etc., and Corot); (2) Decamps, Regnault, Fromentin, and the other "Orientalists"; (3) Courbet, Fantin-Latour, Bastien-Lepage, Monet, Manet, and the unclassable impressionistic painters such as Raffaëlli. The painters of to-day of historical subjects may also be said to be descended from Ingres, but there is but little of their work in the Retrospective Exhibition. We have further to note that Horace Vernet (1789–1863) was a contemporary of Ingres, and that his successors in our time are De Neuville, Detaille, and the other military painters of whom so many have appeared since the war of 1870–71, and that the first of the military painters of this type was Charlet (1792–1845).

There is very little in the two pictures and the portrait of the artist by Fragonard, apart from their historical interest, to call for notice. The color is pale and thin, the drawing prim and careful. In the portrait there is considerable character and a freer technique. Nor need we stop long to look at the twelve canvases by Gérard, ten of them portraits from the galleries at Versailles—only long enough to note that they evince research for the character of the sitters, and that in color they are agreeably mellowed by time; nor is it necessary here to say more than this of the three portraits by Drolling. We go at once to the work of Prud'hon, where we find a painter of great ability, the best man of his day in many respects, seriously occupied with the question of form, and giving us straightforward, hardy drawing, distinguished always by a pronounced feeling for style. These qualities are best seen, perhaps, in "Innocence," one of the twelve pictures brought here to represent him—a nude figure of a young girl, seated and the body slightly bent forward. Most of the other works are small, one or two of them being little more than sketches. Rightly to estimate his place in the art of the century, however, we should go to the Louvre and see the "Enlèvement de Psyché," a beautiful work which it has not been thought necessary to bring here to complete his representation, or which, more probably, it has been deemed impossible to spare from that precious collection.

Almost as much has been done in the case of David, however. The portrait of Madame Récamier, which, though unfinished—not much more than an *ébauche* in fact—is considered one of the best things he ever painted, has been brought here from the Louvre. It is a cause for congratulation that it is so, for there is real pleasure to be had in looking at this natural portrait of a beautiful woman, which it is not possible to find in the finished portraits, such as that of "Michel Gérard and his Family"; and certainly it is something different from pleasure that one feels in looking at the vast canvas on which David has depicted the coronation of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine at Notre Dame in 1804. Yet, though it is stilted and artificial, I don't know that it is not quite as good in its way as much of the work of the kind that is being done to-day, and it is certainly better than some of it—than Wencker's "Laying the Corner-Stone of the New Sorbonne," for instance, which occupies a prominent place in the galleries of the Decennial Exhibition. David and his school believed that there was nothing beautiful outside of the antique, and there is little enough of nature in their compositions. In David's pictures of classical subjects, a number of which are in the Louvre, there is absolutely no nature at all.

This sort of artificial work was at the climax of its glory when Ingres came upon the scene, and he who has in our day become the type of classicism was then looked upon as a revolutionary. Ingres combatted the principles of David's school throughout his career, and, as one of his pupils, M. Amaury-Duval, has pointed out in a volume of souvenirs, 'L'Atelier d'Ingres,' his first admirers were Géricault, Delacroix, and others of the new school, who wished to throw off the yoke of the Institute, and believed they could win under the leadership of such a man as Ingres. Afterwards, when they were successful, came the division into the Draughtsmen and the Colorists; and Delacroix and his followers, cutting loose from Ingres, formed the famous Romantic school which ardently opposed him, and which was continued in our day by the Barbizon painters and some of their contemporaries. So that, whatever may be the aspect of Ingres's work to-day, when looked at in the light of the new movements towards *plein air* and impressionism, however purist and classical it may appear to us, it is certain that the impulses that have brought modern French art to the high level it occupies to-day were first given by him, and he cannot be considered otherwise

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than as a figure of the first importance in this Retrospective Exhibition. His art now stands for the epitome of Academy traditions to which he always clung, and which he always preached, finding the object of his adoration, not, like David, in the Greeks and Romans, but in Masaccio and Raphael. Seven of his works have been placed in the galleries in the Champ de Mars. The celebrated picture of "St. Symphorien," brought here from the Cathedral of Autun, one of his compositions painted while at the French Academy at Rome, "Jupiter and Thetis," and "Napoleon I. on his Throne," are the chief of these. None are remarkable for color—indeed, there is almost no color at all, but merely flat neutral tints; but in all of them is that remarkable drawing on which his fame principally rests. In a portrait of a young man with his head turned over his shoulder to look out of the canvas in full face, the drawing, as in the portrait of Bertin in the Louvre, is marvellous.

Of Flandrin, who is often spoken of as his best pupil, it is not necessary to speak at length. His work shows more attempt to represent color, but it is completely eclipsed by the brilliancy of the great leaders of the "Romanticists," Delacroix and Géricault. Before I speak of them, Baron Gros must have a passing mention. He is still referred to by the *anciens* as a master, but his work is not estimated so highly by the younger men, who still revere Ingres and speak enthusiastically of Géricault and Delacroix. One of the best known of his works is here, the portrait of General Count Fournier-Sarlovèse, a work of dignity, but inclining to pomposity, skilfully painted, and not without a certain amount of truth to nature. Among other canvases is a portrait of Dubosc, the celebrated model who saved from his earnings in the *ateliers* of the masters of those days money enough to found a prize at the Institute for young artists. The pictures here by Baron Gros are all of moderate dimensions. At the Louvre he may be seen in all his glory in the great canvases depicting the retreat from Russia and other events in the campaigns of Napoleon. He cannot be said to exert any influence on the military painting of today, which proceeds directly from Horace Vernet.

The story of Géricault working in a barn on his picture "The Raft of the Medusa," and dying in poverty at the age of thirty-three, is familiar. The picture has long been in the Louvre and the painter ranks as a *chef d'école*. Delacroix was equally poor, and when he had finished his picture of "Charon's Bark," which is now one of the treasures of the Louvre, he could not raise money enough to get a frame for it, and had to make one of boards and paint it yellow. In this humble setting it came before the jury at the Salon, and, as the story goes, the frame came apart, and the picture was about to be barred out on this account, when a painter, one of the celebrities of those days, whose name I do not now recall, gave it as his opinion that it was a remarkable picture, and ordered a frame for it at his own expense. More fortunate than Géricault, he lived to see fortune and fame come to him before he died. I need not repeat the story of the fight between the Classicists, with Ingres at their head, and the Romanticists, led by Delacroix. The details are familiar. The battle was a hot one, and is not entirely fought out even to this day. How much of the fame attached to the name of Delacroix belongs to his part in the founding of a new movement in art, and how much of it is due to his merits as a painter, it is not very easy to determine; but I think it certain that his ability has been exaggerated, and that time will place a more moderate estimate on his worth and artistic balance as a colorist, while not detracting from his value as the prime factor in the development shown in the art of painting since his advent.

The revolt was begun by Géricault, who did not live to carry on the war, and no small part of the glory which rightly belongs to him is attributed to Delacroix. Leaving out of the question his one great picture, "The Raft of the Medusa," a work that is simply wonderful, not only in itself, but in view of the conditions under which it was painted and the absence of anything in the painter's artistic surroundings to help him, the self-reliance of a very young man breaking with all traditions and producing a work like this must have been enormous, and his courage and determination in the face of adversity are worthy of the highest admiration. He was in no respect a sensationalist, but sober, dignified, and honest in his expression of what he felt sure must be the truth. In less important works, such as some of those in this exhibition, we find in every case the same sure, self-possessed way of painting, the same reserved strength and depth. Delacroix is both flighty and fiery by comparison, at times is entirely unintelligible, and again, as in this big picture, the "Battle of Taillebourg," simply stupid. At one time we have a bewildering richness of a multitude of glowing tints, where the motive of the composition disappears in the volcano-like eruption of color, and the canvas must be viewed merely as an exhibition of the artist's virtuosity in color combinations, with an utter disregard for form; at another an uninteresting composition of many figures, where form is observed, but color in its true sense is forgotten. Perhaps in one of the pictures here, "Les Convulsionnaires de Tanger," Delacroix comes as near as he ever does to a just balance of form and color, always excepting the "Charon's Bark," in which all that is best of his talent seems to be summed up, and that other wonderful picture in the Louvre, "The Entry into Constantinople." In spite of the faults and insufficiencies that may be pointed out in particular cases, however, the ensemble of his work is extraordinary in its brilliancy. His influence on the modern school of French art has been immense, and with him and Géricault we enter upon a new phase, a movement that has extended to every part of the western world where art flourishes, and that has produced in the Barbizon painters and their immediate contemporaries one of the most admirable schools of painting the world has ever seen.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

Correspondence.

OHIO'S POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to the writer that you are inclined to underrate the advantages to be secured by the overthrow of Foraker and Forakerism in the coming election. The nature of the hold which the Governor has obtained on the Republican party of this State does not seem to be fairly comprehended by most outside writers. He is not in reality the popular idol which he seems to be upon the surface. It is true that he is the Ohio Blaine with a majority of his party; but, during the last two years, his tyrannical use of the party machinery, together with his absurd vanity and evident shallowness, has developed a rapidly increasing minority who are thoroughly disgusted, and would breathe a sigh of relief at his utter defeat, even if it should involve the loss of the Legislature and a seat which the party hopes to gain in the United States Senate. His renomination was the result of the hardest kind of work by himself and his henchmen, and would not have been possible in an untrammelled convention. He knew that his grasp was weakening, and resolved to stake his all upon a desperate attempt to regain it. If he loses, he will no longer be a prominent factor in the politics of the State or nation. If he wins, he will make a mighty effort to capture the next Presidential Convention, and with no insignificant grounds of hope for success. Granting, for argument, that, so far as Ohio is concerned, there is little choice; we think that the effort of Ohio Democrats to relieve the country of the possibility of a Foraker campaign for the Presidency is sufficient to entitle them to the sympathy of the independent element in the East.

The greatest objection to Mr. Campbell is the tendency which he has shown in Congress to flinch from his real belief for fear of offending the supposed "protection Democrats" of Ohio. The fate of ex-Congressman Beriah Wilkins, in Ohio's great wool district, or some other reason, seems to have strengthened his spinal column somewhat, in this respect. He is not a bitter partisan, as is Mr. Foraker, nor has he the qualities which would enable him to build up anything analogous to the Foraker "machine." He could hardly make any change for the worse in the internal affairs of the State, for our Constitution has carefully divested the Governor of all opportunities to exercise any real power except by the illegitimate use of the privilege of appointing minor officials. We have reached bottom in this line, and any change must tend towards reform. Aside from internal affairs, there is the power, so freely exercised by Foraker, to make Ohio ridiculous in the eyes of the outside world by turning her highest office into a theatre for the exhibition of the antics of a circus clown. This Mr. Campbell will not do, even though he is sometimes (*not* "universally," as an outsider is justified in inferring from Ohio papers) called "Jimmy."

W.

OHIO, September 7, 1889.

ENGLISH WOMAN-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the *Nation* is making an *enquête* (after the fashion of *Mélusine*) on this topic, I send you the following item, which I take from the *Yorkshire Notes and Queries* for October, 1888, p. 1.:

"The general gaol delivery of our Lord the King of his county of York, held at the Castle of York, 9 March 16 George III. [1775], before Sir Henry Gould, Knight, John Aspinal, Esq., etc., Giles Earle, Esq., High Sheriff.

"Elisabeth Boardingham, late wife of John Boardingham, guilty Petty Treason. To be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution on Wednesday next, the 20th Day of this instant March, and there to be burned with fire until dead."

The editor of *Yorkshire Notes and Queries* says: "The above is copied from a printed folio page addressed to Mr. Waugh, keeper of the House of Correction, who held the post from 1766 to 1794"; and he adds, "the last case of burning to death probably."

H. GAIDOZ.

PARIS, 22 RUE SERVANDONI.

AMERICAN NEGRO-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose an item, apropos of the subject of execution by burning, from the *Arkansas Gazette* of September 3, which does not, apparently, consider it of sufficient importance for editorial comment. It would be interest-

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ing to know the views of "A Southern Pastor" on the comparative merits of burning and hanging in such cases.—Respectfully,

W. L. WORCESTER.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., September 4, 1889.

[We retain the *Gazette's* head-lines, but substitute for the statement of facts a more decent version which we find in another paper.—ED. NATION.]

A RAPIST COOKED.

KENTUCKY PEOPLE AVENGE AN OUTRAGE IN SUMMARY BUT BARBARIC STYLE.

LOUISVILLE, September 3.—The *Courier-Journal* has a despatch from Somerset, Ky., which says that Wm. Oates, a prominent farmer residing a few miles from Monticello, has two daughters, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years. Mr. and Mrs. Oates going away on business left the two young girls in charge of the house. Mr. Oates had in his employ a negro boy almost grown. He entered the house, and, after locking the door upon the two young girls, assaulted the youngest. The other escaped, and, going to a neighbor's house, gave the alarm. A posse was immediately organized. The negro was caught in the woods and tied to a stake. A rail pen was then built around him, coal oil was poured over him and upon the rails, a match was applied, and he was burned to death.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your kindness in giving so much space in your valuable paper to "Correspondence" deserves many thanks from your subscribers.

The different opposing views of cultivated men are great lessons to the thinking reader, and show how some men of the finest mental texture can be carried to the extreme of wrong simply from the habit of seeing the wrong from childhood, and considering it a "necessary evil." Is it not atrocious that a minister of "Christ's Gospel" should speak in defence of one of the greatest crimes of this age—lynch law—no matter from what side he views it? Mr. Schuyler is perfectly right, and I hope he has the sympathy of all those Christians who truly understand the sublime principles of "Christianity." EDWARD MAYERHOFER.

YONKERS, N. Y., September 6, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pardon me for further trespass on your space, but the interests of truth demand it, and this shall be my last word. Mr. Schuyler's caricature of my position is a *petitio principii*. If all killing were wrong, as all stealing is wrong, his analogy would hold good; but that is the very point in debate. Carried to its logical consequences, Mr. Schuyler's argument would deny the right of revolution on which our Government is founded, the right of defensive war, and even the righteousness of capital punishment by law. The question is simply this: Is there any emergency that can justify a man or a community or a people in taking life without process of law? Mr. Schuyler, it would seem, thinks not; but the common judgment of mankind and the word of God answer in the affirmative. Whether the case in point is such an emergency admits of serious debate; good men differ widely about it; it has caused me grave perplexity. But there are conditions under which the safety of society seems to demand it. I rejoice to hope that those conditions are gradually disappearing, and that, under the elevating influences of Christian education, they will soon disappear altogether. A SOUTHERN PASTOR.

WILMINGTON, N. C., September 7, 1889.

PREHISTORIC SICILY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received a note from Prof. Orsi of the museum at Syracuse, saying that he has found in a Siculian tomb in the vicinity of Syracuse two vases of the second or third style of "Mycenean" pottery. This is interesting as showing that the Siculi had, in all probability, commercial relations with the Greek isles before the Greek colonization of that locality. As there were found at Orvieto, in tombs not older than the sixth or seventh century, ordinary vases of the Mycenean description, there is nothing chronologically surprising in this, but it is another item in the evidence which goes to show that, as indicated by some traditions, there was a Greek colonization of a less aggressive type than that of Syracuse, Naxos, etc., and prior to it. This would account for the Greek character of Segesta, of whose foundation, indeed, one tradition speaks as having been the work of a band of Greeks returning from Troy under the leadership of a Trojan chieftain. In none of the Siculian tombs has there been any pottery of the Greek type found hitherto, and as the provenance of the Mycenean is not determined, though almost certainly to be assigned to some of the Greek islands, this negative evidence is in favor of the find of Prof. Orsi being anterior to the establishment of the Greeks as masters in that part of Sicily. In the tombs of Orvieto the Mycenean pottery is found in company with Attic.

In matters so difficult of determination as the prehistoric relation of races, these trifling indications are always of value, cumulatively if not individually.—Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

PIEVE DI CADORE, August 25, 1889.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The friends of the American School in Athens hope that you may kindly grant space for a letter written for the purpose of interesting your readers in its plans. This school was founded, has been carried on for seven years, and provided with a fine edifice, a permanent director, of European reputation as an archæologist, Dr. Waldstein, and an endowment fund of over fifty thousand dollars, through the efforts and sacrifices of a few liberal-minded people, chiefly in Boston and New York. Of the thirty pupils thus far, four have been women. All instruction is free, and the library is open to all Americans in the city. The object is to encourage the study of ancient art, architecture, topography, and all related branches best pursued on the soil of Greece.

It is not too much to say that this school is already playing its part in the revolution of American scholarship. Narrow book-learning is giving place to a many-sided study of the ancient life. There are two facts which add a special charm to these comparatively novel lines of work: First, new and valuable additions are made every year to our materials. Such excavations as those at Olympia or Pergamon tell us much that could not be learned from any other source. It would be difficult to name any lost literary work whose recovery would add so much to our knowledge. Second, these statues, temple-remains, etc., come to us, not, like our manuscripts of the ancient authors, through a succession of mediæval copyists, but directly from the ancient masters' hands. The Hermes, emerging from the drifted sands of the Alpheios, bears the marks of Praxiteles's chisel. The blocks of the Parthenon were swung into their present position under Phidias's own eye.

There is, moreover, a practical side to such efforts as these of the American School and its supporters which may well recommend them to our countrymen. There can be no better influences brought to bear upon our own artists and architects than a close acquaintance with and study of the still unrivalled productions of Greek masters. Not that we desire to rear a generation of mere copyists, even copyists of Phidias and Praxiteles; but the museums of Athens, and the temples there and throughout Greek lands, cannot fail to educate the hand and eye, as well as elevate the moral sense, of every thoughtful art-student who is so fortunate as to put himself under their influences. Especially, the materials are constantly accumulating for an adequate historical view of the gradual artistic progress in ancient Greece—the slow but successful struggle of the creative genius of a race against the crudeness of its own conceptions and the resistance of stone and bronze. The archaic and early classical works are perhaps even more instructive than the seemingly effortless triumphs of the Golden Age; just as Giotto seems more fully one like ourselves, struggling and learning, than does Raphael or Titian. There could be no more practical way of improving the arts of design in America than to send our most promising graduates to develop the historical sense, and the full consciousness of our debt to earlier races, by a year or two spent in the classic lands.

As your readers are aware, an opportunity has now been offered to the American School to undertake a task of world-wide interest and of the greatest importance. Delphi will be excavated soon in any case, by some other nation if not by ourselves. The failure of our Institute to secure the aid for which it asks will, therefore, not be a fatal misfortune to the scientific world, but it will be an irreparable loss to us. It is evident that the work at Delphi, and the proper publication of what will be discovered there, would tax the highest powers of our classical scholars and of Humanists generally for a decade at least, and form the best possible training-school for a whole generation of American students—such a school as Olympia has been for the Germans.

It would be a lasting disgrace to our national intelligence if this enterprise should fail for lack of a sum so trifling, as compared with the result to be obtained by its expenditure—a sum often spent on a single banquet or a single picture. Yet it would not be strange if its success should depend on the small contributions of liberal-minded and thoughtful men of limited means. The original founders of the school have been heavily taxed already. It is not certain that our rich fellow-citizens generally will see the lasting value and patriotic character of so unbusiness-like an investment. It is to be hoped, therefore, that none will be deterred merely by modesty from offering a small sum for the work. Subscriptions may be sent to Percival Lowell, Treasurer, No. 40 Water Street, Boston.

Even an expression of hearty interest and good-will is most welcome. It is the desire of the Institute to make this undertaking a source of national pride and instruction, not a mere pet project of classical scholars. In this secondary, but equally important task, the members of the Institute appeal for and count confidently upon the aid of all educated men and women, of all who feel the dangerous isolation of our national life and our young civilization. We need, more than any other people, to be reminded of our debt to other lands and races than ours. We have received from them nearly everything that makes human life attractive. We may still learn much from them as to the higher uses of existence. Perhaps we need above all to learn true humility—to see

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that in the fair harvest-fields of the world's life others have sown that we may reap.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON,
Secretary to the Delphi Committee.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS' list of fall publications includes 'A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees,' by Edwin Asa Dix; 'The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tsar,' by E. Frazer Blackstock; 'In the Time of the Cherry Viewing: A Tale of Life in Japan'; 'Liberty and a Living; or, Working and Playing on the Great South Bay,' by Philip G. Hubert, jr.; 'The Letters of Horace Walpole,' a selection edited by Charles D. Yonge; 'The Constitutional History of the United States, as Seen in the Development of American Law,' being papers by Judge Cooley, Henry Hitchcock, Geo. W. Biddle, Chas. A. Kent, and D. H. Chamberlain; and the following verse: 'Epithalamium,' by Mary Mathew Barnes; 'The New Pandora: A Drama,' by Harriett H. Robinson; and 'Day Lilies, and Other Poems,' by Jeanie Oliver Smith.

'Familiar Talks on Astronomy,' by Capt. W. H. Parker; 'Musical Moments,' a collection of poetical passages relating to music, both natural and instrumental; and 'Theresa at San Domingo,' a child's story of the negro revolt on that island in 1789, translated from the French of Mme. Fresneau, are among the forthcoming publications of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The Rev. David J. Reynolds of Jamaica, a Wesleyan minister, contemplates preparing for the press a small volume upon the 'Proverbial Philosophy and Folk-lore of West Indian Africans.' Mr. Reynolds has lectured with notable success upon Jamaica Proverbs. He is a master of his subject.

Mr. J. J. Thomas, the author of 'Froudacity,' which is a counterblast to Mr. Froude's 'English in the West Indies,' is a native of the Island of Trinidad, in the British West Indies. He is a black man of pure African race. For years he was a schoolmaster, and he was Secretary to the Board of Education of that colony when, from failing eyesight, he felt bound to retire on a pension from the Government. He is about fifty-five years of age. He is known as the author of a 'Creole Grammar,' a philological work of some value, treating of the French *patois* spoken in Trinidad and other places. A second edition of this work is now being got out by Mr. Thomas.

We have received from the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company a lecture on "West Indian Hurricanes and the March Blizzard, 1888," by Everett Hayden of the U. S. Hydrographic Office. The handsomely printed quarto pamphlet is illustrated by twenty-three plates—maps, charts, and diagrams; including an example of the use of oil in rough weather to prevent the breaking of seas on board. The lecture was delivered before a yacht club in these waters, and every yachtsman would find it valuable in its present shape.

A British geography in which "each country has been looked at from the standpoint of a native," and not treated with reference to "its importance to the British nation," is a novelty. Such is Hugh Robert Mill's 'Elementary Class-Book of Geography' (Macmillan). It deserves attention for its scheme, and may be helpful as an adjunct to our poor text-books in this branch of common-school study. A friendly American colaborer would have saved some errors and disproportions in the section on the United States. For example, on p. 258 it is quite recklessly stated that "the Indians of the States are neither so numerous nor so independent as those of Canada." The fact is, however, that they are at least three times as numerous; those of Canada in 1881 being set down at only 108,547.

Buyers and sellers have been chiefly in the mind of Mr. Thomas Savage in preparing his 'Manual of Industrial and Commercial Intercourse between the United States and Spanish America' (San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.). Mr. Savage was for a long period in the United States consular service in Spanish America. By the use of fine type, he has compressed a great deal of statistical and general information into some 600 pages, and has produced a very valuable book of reference, with a manifest endeavor to see and to set down things as they exist. Tourists as well as merchants may profit by the use of it. Doubtless it will be kept up to date in successive editions, with the changing of tariffs, the multiplication of railroads, etc. There are three outline maps of the United States, Mexico, and South America.

Mr. Spurgeon has for twenty years edited a "sheet almanack intended to be hung up in workshops and kitchens." It is called "John Ploughman's Almanack," and he has furnished it with a proverb for every day. These he has felt moved to make into a book, 'The Salt-Cellars' (A. C. Armstrong & Son). The "godly sentiments" have been "sandwiched in between slices of wit and common-sense," and "thus has the salt itself been salted"—in Mr. Spurgeon's opinion. The effect of accompanying proverbs with a cheap exposition ("homely notes") has generally been to destroy their flavor altogether. It seems to us to be not otherwise in the present instance, the title of the book notwithstanding.

Mr. Robert Grimshaw's 'Hints on House-Building' (New York: Practical Publishing Co.) is an unpretentious little book which has been sufficiently appreciated to justify a second and enlarged edition. It will repay reading. The suggestions are plain and practical.

In the summer of 1887 the Associated Charities for the Eighth Ward of Boston induced Prof. Dwight Porter of the Institute of Technology to investigate the sanitary condition of the tenement-house system there. This study gradually embraced the worst parts of the city at large, and Prof. Porter's report, not made until December, 1888, has just reached us in print. It is the old story of excessive overcrowding, of insufficient ventilation or none, of arrangements for the disposal of waste that become instead depots of destruction, with the necessary consequences of preventable disease and death. The report contains two reproductions of photographs, an interior and an alley, several plans of buildings, good and bad, and illustrations of grossly defective sewerage from actual cases. The distress and suffering from sickness that does not terminate in death, and the discomfort and misery that nominal health undergoes in such quarters, are not easily computed. But fortunately every year shows amelioration, and the abounding and intelligent charity that brings to light these evils at the same time lessens them. This is not done by the demoralization of giving, but by judicious control of the house-owners. The report also contains valuable information as to the Tenement-House Problem in New York, where the evil is greater and the progress better than in Boston. In both cities it is chiefly the lowest of foreign immigrants that wallow in this slough.

The American Historical Association was incorporated by Congress at the beginning of the present year, its seat being fixed at Washington, and a helpful connection with the Smithsonian Institution being established. It therefore takes its place at the capital beside the National Geographic Society and the National Academy of Science. Its membership exceeds five hundred. The proceedings of the meeting held in Washington in December, 1888, have now been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Besides the summary report of the Secretary, Prof. Herbert B. Adams, eleven papers are printed in full, in which the share of the West is noticeable; *e. g.*, "The Early Northwest," by Wm. F. Poole; "The Influence of Gov. Cass on the Development of the Northwest," by Prof. A. C. McLaughlin; "The Place of the Northwest in General History," by Prof. Wm. F. Allen; "Internal Improvements in Ohio, 1825–1850," by Chas. N. Morris. Of these the second and the last are in the nature of original and very valuable contributions to American history. Prof. Welling's "States'-Rights Conflict over the Public Lands" is in line with the foregoing; and so is Willard Clark Fisher's "American Trade Regulations before 1789." Douglas Brymner's account of his reducing to order the Canadian Archives is stimulating. The extra-continental paper is Mr. Henry C. Lea's on "The Martyrdom of San Pedro Arbués." The volume is well worth the price, and it suggests the near approach of the time when the Association shall give us an historical journal that will connect itself with the life and growth of the nation.

We have received the first number of *Haverford College Studies*, published by the Faculty of that institution, and obtainable of the Secretary at Haverford College P. O., Pa. It contains five articles: "The Library of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem," by J. Rendel Harris; "Work of Haverford College Observatory," by Francis P. Leavenworth; "On the Geometry of a Nodal Circular Cubic," by Frank Morley; "On the Period of the Rotation of the Sun," by Henry Crew; and "On the Symbolic Use of the Colors Black and White in Germanic Tradition," by Francis B. Gummere. The last paper is the only one that can be enjoyed by the general reader along with scholars and specialists. Mr. Gummere concludes that the usage in question is mixed and inconsistent.

At Como in June, on occasion of the dedication of a monument to Garibaldi, was published a trial bibliography of the patriot ('Saggio Bibliografico del gen. Giuseppe Garibaldi'), preceded by a chronology of the principal events in his life. A revised edition is promised shortly.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have followed the example of several other houses in issuing a literary bulletin, which they call *New Publications* (No. 1, August, 1889).

The *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan) begins a new volume with the October number, and will then be enlarged in size and printed from new type in a single broad column. Its American readers, who have been increasing, will be specially catered for.

A new domestic candidate for favor is the *New England Magazine* ("new series"), issued in Boston this month under the editorial management of the Rev. E. E. Hale and Mr. Edwin D. Mead. It "will be devoted especially to New England life and history, although this in no narrow or provincial spirit." The first number is purposely a Plymouth and Pilgrim number, and abounds in readable articles by well-known writers and in illustrations. A sonnet, "Character," by Lucy C. Bull, is the sole poetical contribution, and if the editors can be as sparing hereafter while maintaining

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the level of this example, they will usefully criticise the practice of their esteemed contemporaries.

The final report on the geology of New Jersey of the State Geological Survey, now in course of publication, has, as our readers know, a completed first volume. For the second, it is in contemplation to illustrate the botany of the State, in connection with full lists of minerals, plants, and animals. The finer shade and timber trees are to be figured, and it is quite possible for amateur photographers, whose name is now legion, to assist the Survey materially by the loan or gift of portraits of notable native trees, with the necessary indications as to name, place, etc. They may be addressed to Prof. Geo. H. Cook, State Geologist, New Brunswick, N. J.

—The fourth of Mr. J. C. Pilling's bibliographies of aboriginal North American languages has been published by the Bureau of Ethnology (Washington: Government Printing Office). It deals with the Muskhogean languages, including Alabama, Chikasaw, Choctaw, Creek, Hitchiti, Koassati, Mikasuki, Muskoki, and Seminole, and records 521 titles. 467 of the entries describe printed matter and 54 describe manuscripts. Of the prints more than 80 per cent. and nearly as large a proportion of the manuscripts have been seen and described by the compiler himself. The failure of this bibliography to reach the high average, over 94 per cent., of *de visu* descriptions, reached by the preceding 'Bibliography of the Iroquoian Languages,' is due, for the most part, to the large number of Muskoki titles inserted from the *Indian Journal*, of which Mr. Pilling was unable to see a complete file. The present descriptions of books, on the other hand, are somewhat more elaborate than in the previous numbers of the series. Another commendable feature of this number is the frequent biographical sketches of authors whose works are recorded. In cases like those of the Rev. C. C. Copeland, Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, Alfred Wright and his wife, and other missionaries, or of Legus Choteau Perryman, principal chief of the Muskokees and many others, these details are especially valuable because they are based on authentic materials and the information is not elsewhere accessible. But it is at least doubtful whether long sketches of such well-known persons as Chateaubriand, Elias Boudinot, E. B. O'Callaghan, and William Bartram—men whose linguistic writings were, in the main, only incidental to their other activities—should be reproduced from an everyday book of reference like 'Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography.' In his 'Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages,' which is announced as the next of the series, Mr. Pilling may well content himself with a condensed account and a reference for those authors whose lives have been already written at length in substantial volumes or well-known periodicals or biographical dictionaries. Thus room will be made for lives of the comparatively obscure authors whose efforts were confined to the field with which the bibliography deals, and whose careers must remain unknown unless some specialist, for instance Mr. Pilling, publishes in some appropriate place, for instance, the 'Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages,' the sketches which he enjoys exceptional facilities for compiling.

—"Endowments" is the title of an address delivered last year before the College Association of Pennsylvania, which seems to us of enough permanent value and interest to deserve a word of notice even at this somewhat late day. Its author is Dr. J. G. Fitch, one of Her Majesty's Chief Inspectors of Schools, and lately an Assistant Commissioner under the Endowed Schools Act. As an official, Dr. Fitch has seen much of the evils wrought by endowments in England, which are great enough, he thinks, quite to justify Turgot's strong condemnation of them in the 'Encyclopédie' more than a century ago. Charitable foundations have demoralized the poor in many places, sowing seeds of improvidence and favoring hypocrisy and immorality. They have narrowed education, and hindered its growth and diffusion; have repressed originality and discouraged effort. Any gain that has come from them has been dearly bought. Dr. Fitch would rid men's minds, so far as is possible, of the superstition that cherishes and keeps alive the vanities of founders, and their useless restrictions that hamper many bequests, and would have endowments, or at least their income, put to use by a living, and not a dead hand. He would also have the State assert for itself the twofold right of a private legatee: (1) to judge whether the conditions attached to a gift are such as to make it worth accepting, and (2) to spend the income of the endowment in the way the State deems best for its own interest and needs. All this and much more those who are interested in the subject will find set forth forcibly and with illustrations in Dr. Fitch's address, which is published by the Globe Printing House of Philadelphia.

—No historian bespeaks keener interest than does Polybius of Megalopolis for his patriotic and spotless character, his personal sufferings, his careful study of authorities, his rigid adherence to truth, and his deep and sound philosophy. Every one who has to write on the struggle between Rome and the nations she subdued in the time of the Scipios must appeal to him as a supreme authority. And yet this good man and great writer—for such beyond all doubt he was—is well-nigh unreadable. Livy practically translates him—he comes dangerously near mistranslating him; yet it is a delight to read Livy, it is a penance to read Polybius. It is singular, therefore, as Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh tells us, that there was no English translation of him entire. This he has given us, with a learned and valuable introduction, in two very handsome volumes ('The Histories of Polybius,' Macmillan). Having tested his translation in several places chosen at random, we are prepared to say that its accuracy in rendering all the matter contained in each sentence of the original, and no more, is what all who know Mr. Shuckburgh's sound and varied scholarship would be led to expect. If it does seem at times that he has ravelled out and reknit Polybius into rather too light and loose a fabric, we can only say, "Try it yourself." Any one who thinks he can reproduce the texture of the original—we are using one of Polybius's own metaphors—will find that if the pattern is sometimes striking, the fabric is, in every respect, uncommonly *tough*, and he will feel grateful to Mr. Shuckburgh for some attenuation.

—Professor Stürenberg of Leipzig, well known for his researches in the topography of ancient battle-fields, has recently published a programme (of the Leipzig Thomasschule) entitled "Zu den Schlachtfeldern am Trasimenischen See und in den Caudinischen Pässen." Both essays are supplementary, since he regards the main question, that of the locality of the battle-grounds in general, as being now well determined. In an earlier essay he had decided for the plain of Tuoro, on the north shore of Lake Trasimenus, which is evidently the place that Livy had in mind. The present discussion is to show, in reply to Faltin, that although the locality described by Polybius is impossible, and in fact does not exist, we need not, nevertheless, discard entirely Polybius's account of the fight. Apart from his mistake in representing the Romans to have marched up a narrow defile with their backs to the lake, Stürenberg maintains that Polybius's account of the battle is essentially correct, and in fact fits much better in the true field of battle than in the one imagined by himself. In the other essay he assumes it as settled that the place where the Roman army was entrapped was the valley of Montesarchio, which town is on the site of the ancient Caudium. The question discussed is, by what route it entered this valley. Nissen holds that it was by the way of Santa Agata de' Goti, while Stürenberg argues for the valley of Arienzo. This valley used to be considered the place of the ambuscade, although the entrance to it does not at all correspond to Livy's description. But at Arpaja, at the upper end of the valley, is a regular pass or gap, and the village of Forchia, at this very point, warrants us in placing here the Furculæ Caudinæ. The mistake of the old tradition was in placing the trap on the wrong side of the pass. According to Stürenberg's view, the Romans had already passed the Forks and made their way through the valley of Caudium to the pass beyond, which opens into the valley of Beneventum. This they found occupied by the enemy.

— We learn with regret from the latest English papers of the death of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Beal, Professor of Chinese at University College, London, on August 20, at the age of sixty-four. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847, and, five years later, was appointed to a chaplaincy in the Royal Navy. This led to his serving during the China war of 1856-58, when he was found qualified to be an interpreter, and proved of singular usefulness in this capacity. He retired from the navy in 1877, and was elected to the chair of Chinese in University College, holding also several livings during his professorship—the last at Greens Norton, Towcester, Northamptonshire, where he died. His Oriental studies resulted in a long list of distinguished publications, and were specially directed towards Buddhism, Prof. Beal "being the first Englishman (following in the steps of Rémusat and Julien) to translate direct from the Chinese the records of Buddhism in that country, which throw such a flood of light upon the dark period of Indian history." For the past ten years Prof. Beal has been a valued contributor to the *Nation*. In his reviews and his private correspondence his amiability and scholarly integrity were most apparent, and have left to the writer of these lines a pleasant memory.

—A volume of much interest to students of the Second Empire is announced for publication in Paris next November. This is a selection from the letters and papers of the Duc de Morny, who was one of the most unscrupulous of the Ministers of Napoleon III., and was also perhaps the ablest of them. He left a great mass of letters and documents, running back to the year 1830, to his son, the present Duke, who has spent the last four years in the study and arrangement of them, and the preparation of a portion of them for the press. He proposes to print documents and letters only, without a word of editorial comment, and, as many readers will be disappointed to hear, everything that is in any degree scandalous will be left out. There are to be no merely personal letters included in the two volumes, nor anything that can be called polemic. No

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doubt the time will come when much that is held back at present will be given to the world. It must have been a temptation to the present Duc de Morny to have such a bomb-shell in his hands as his father's papers were, and so tempting a target before him as the present situation in France presents. He could very likely have furnished some very interesting information about men still active in politics and society, and perhaps have spoiled some fairly good reputations. But he has done wisely in refraining, we should say, whether he is moved thereto by expediency or by some higher consideration. He is to make his own first appearance in politics this fall, as the revisionist candidate in the district of Puy-de-Dôme, which twice was represented by his father.

THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO.

Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco. A Narrative of Exploration. By Joseph Thomson. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889. 8vo, pp. xviii, 488.

Mr. Joseph Thomson won his spurs as an African traveller ten years ago, when a very young man, by successfully conducting an expedition to the Lakes. This was followed by an adventurous journey through Masai-Land and another in the western Sudan, which have confirmed his reputation as one of the most daring of modern explorers. In some respects his last exploit in scaling the Atlas Mountains was the most difficult and dangerous of all his undertakings. He was heavily handicapped from the outset by the Sultan's passport, which expressly forbade his travelling in the mountains, as well as by the determined opposition of his Moorish servants to his plans and by his inability to speak Arabic. That he was able, notwithstanding these obstacles, to cross the Atlas by two different passes, and to climb several of the higher peaks, was certainly an extraordinary achievement.

Still, while we admire his pluck and pertinacity, we can hardly recommend his methods, for it was only by systematically deceiving the lesser officials, in most cases, that he could make his way into the wilder parts of the country. Now, wholly apart from the moral objections to this course, the consequences to the European traveller who may follow him may be very serious. Some of those sheiks who innocently suffered him to go through their districts, contrary to the express commands of the Sultan, may have paid a severe penalty for their disobedience, and will be likely to make it very disagreeable, if not dangerous, for the next European who comes within their power. There is no question that Bishop Hannington's murder was occasioned by the alarm of the King of Uganda at this very Mr. Thomson's success in reaching the Victoria Nyanza in his second journey. So, without any fear of such a tragedy as this, we are strongly inclined to believe that, for a time, he has rendered Morocco more inaccessible than ever.

He landed at Tangier in March, 1888, where he was obliged to wait several weeks for the "Sharifian Umbrella," or passport. But the real starting-point of his expedition was Mogador, on the Atlantic coast, which he reached partly by sea and partly by land. This preliminary land journey was mainly over a treeless plain, without streams, where there was to be seen "nothing but rounded low ridges, or even more monotonous flat expanses, varied only by waving corn, dark-green bush tracts, or gorgeous flower-reaches." In places progress was rendered dangerous by "the manner in which the country Arabs store not only their food, but their water supplies. Pits having the shape of champagne bottles are dug in the easily-worked shell-sand, and then cemented inside to keep out the damp when filled with grain, or to keep in the water when filled with water, the former being called *metamores* and the latter *mitfires*." For long stretches the country was literally honeycombed with these pits, old and new. It was not till the end of May that Mr. Thomson was able to reach the mountains. This was at Demnat, a small town about sixty miles to the eastward of the city of Morocco. The approach to this place was by a bridle-path "arched over by fruit-trees and walled in by bush and flower and creeper, growing to right and left with all the gipsy grace, wild beauty, and prodigal profusion of the tropics. It had all such a homelike aspect, too, for the pomegranates and figs were literally smothered under the glorious wreaths of wild rose and honeysuckle which broke through them and spread themselves over their every branch, till nothing was seen but rich masses of odoriferous flowers." Once within the fortified gateway, however, and "all the sweet charms of nature were shut out. We threaded garbage-strewn streets hemmed in by mean, mud-built dwellings." The town, notwithstanding this, wore a certain air of prosperity, there being few ruined houses and still fewer beggars. Nor is this to be wondered at in a place where a family can live on fivepence a day, with meat at two meals. The natives are Berbers, or Shellach, as they are called here, who seemed to occupy an "intermediate place between the Moor and the Arab." They showed none of the hostility of the true Moor to the infidel, but, on the contrary, manifested delight at seeing the party. Their women, too, regardless of the express injunctions of the Koran, went about the streets unveiled.

Far different from the Medinah, or Mohammedan quarter, was the Mellah, or Jewish quarter. Here everything was unspeakably repulsive from filth and disease. "No family, however large, occupied more than one small windowless room, though frequently several families are huddled together like pigs in a poke." These rooms, in two stories, are built around courts some fifteen feet square, which serve at once for the "common family sewers, general reception and workrooms for the women, and happy playgrounds of the children," as well as stables for their animals. The consequence is, that about 80 per cent. of the Jews suffer from ophthalmia. This condition is now the result neither of compulsion nor of poverty. They are not obliged to live in the Mellah, and are, as a class, richer than the Moors, who live in clean streets and wholesome houses.

Another indication of the prosperity of Demnat was a dam thrown across a stream to store the water for irrigating purposes, "the only modern public work raised for the general good of the community which we saw in southern Morocco." At a little distance above this the river flowed under a magnificent natural arch some 140 feet high. "Stalactites of all sizes and shapes hung from the roof in rugged yellow pendants, and the irregular walls were adorned with clustered pillars of stalagmite and other mouldings of Nature's workmanship." Climbing to the top, it was found that the arch was used not only as a highway, but also as an aqueduct by which another stream was conveyed across the glen.

As Mr. Thomson found it impossible to penetrate the mountains at this point, he made a second and successful attempt from a town to the westward. The way was by a bridle path, difficult, and in many places dangerous, through a savage and mostly desolate region. As the summit of the pass was approached, "we could have imagined we were penetrating some gigantic volcanic crater by way of a great rut or fissure through its lava and cinder-built sides." The view southward from the top was impressive though disappointing. A level plain, without a single conspicuous feature, lay stretched out before them, while "an even more deadly uniformity characterized the coloring of this mournful landscape." A surprise awaited our traveller, however, at the foot of the pass, in finding the abode of the Kaid of the district "a magnificent and imposing castle of the old baronial style. We could hardly believe our eyes as we scanned the turreted walls, the crenelated battlements, the fortified gateways and outer lines which rose before us with such a princely air of military strength and glory." Here, in the very heart of an unexplored territory, a week was spent. The chapters descriptive of life in this Moorish stronghold, the dances in the court, the banquet, the interviews with the Kaid and his principal men, are among the best in the book.

Although courteously treated so long as he remained within the castle or among its retainers, the opposition to Mr. Thomson's further progress was so determined and dangerous that he was obliged reluctantly to retrace his steps. Crossing to the northern slope of the central chain, he proceeded westward, seeking another point from which he might again penetrate to the higher mountain region. On the way he fell in with an Aissawa, or snake-charmer, whose repulsive performance is described in a realistic manner. We have only space for the closing feat, performed in the evening when the men were seated about the camp fire. From the centre of the glowing embers the Aissawa "drew forth a piece of charcoal, held it—I will not say coolly—between the tips of his fingers, while he blew it to a white heat; then, with a preliminary 'Bismillah!' he calmly put it into his mouth, and leisurely munched, then swallowed it, with evident signs of enjoyment, while the Moors broke into cries of 'Allah Akbar!' (God is great!)"

This part of the Atlas was less disappointing than the region which he had just left. The mountains were more irregular in shape, while the streams which flowed from them were bordered with fine groves of walnut, oak, almond, and other trees. Here Mr. Thomson managed to elude his guards, and, after a dangerous and exciting climb, reached the summit of Jebel Ogdimt, 12,734 feet above the sea, being the first explorer to gain such a height. The principal feature in the scene before him was "the wall-like grandeur of the Anti-Atlas, which ran seaward, a southern bounding barrier to the great Sus plain. Hardly a prominence broke the almost even level of its summit, hardly a spur jutted from its stern precipitous sides."

These cool heights were now exchanged for the sultry air of the city of Morocco, where the latter half of the summer was spent with a thermometer ranging from 68° to 112°. It was a life marked with interesting incidents, the most exciting being a narrow escape when attacked by a mob during the "powder-play" at a great festival. Hardly less dangerous than the Moors were the numerous ruinous houses. "There are few days without a disastrous catastrophe, and every squall or strong breeze which crosses the city leaves behind it ruined houses and people buried beneath them."

Before leaving for the coast, Mr. Thomson made a final dash into the heart of the Atlas, and climbed another peak, which he found to

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be 13,150 feet high. But these ascents were so dangerous, from the fierce opposition of the mountaineers, that he did not dare to attack the neighboring peak, Tizi-n-Tamjurt, which rose some 2,000 feet higher, and is probably the loftiest in the range. His route to the ocean was along the northern slope of the mountains to the point where they sink down to the level of the great plateau of which a considerable portion of southern Morocco consists. Here he turned southward, and made his way unmolested through the turbulent and rebellious district of Sus to the port of Agadir.

It is difficult after reading Mr. Thomson's lively and very entertaining account of his journey to see what attractions Morocco presents to the traveller. Of striking natural beauty it is singularly destitute, the region about Demnat alone excepted; even the mountain scenery being disappointing as regards picturesqueness and grandeur. The ancient ruins are few and unimportant. There is no mention of wild animals except the boar. The people, with a reservation in regard to the Berbers of Demnat, were uniformly repulsive, both Moors and Jews. The effect of the frightful oppression under which they lived was evident at every step. The further Mr. Thomson went and the more he saw, the deeper was his impression that the country was the worst governed in the world. He aptly describes the Government as a "huge blood-sucking octopus," which is "pushing its horrible feelers" even into every remotest mountain village, and draining its life-blood. One cannot resist the conviction that the ruling class is the worst and most hopeless race upon earth; and they seem incapable of reform. Even the Moors of Tangier, who have been for generations in daily contact with western civilization, are unaffected by its influences. "Nowhere can one see the slightest evidence that the Moor's dress, his manners and customs, his ideas, religious or secular, or any other aspect of his life, have been modified in the slightest degree."

The only persons, in fact, for whom Mr. Thomson has a good word were his Jewish guides, whose courage and faithfulness alone enabled him to accomplish what he did. It is, perhaps, the chief defect of his book that it dwells too constantly upon the hatred of the Moor for the "Nazarene." The detailed description of the constant misconduct of his servants also becomes very wearisome. Some of the illustrations are very good, but others give little idea of the scenes which they are intended to represent. The map is not very clearly drawn, and has apparently been prepared in great haste, the errors in spelling being numerous.

THE FIFTIETH-ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF 'FESTUS.'

Festus, a Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Fiftieth-Anniversary Edition. George Routledge & Sons.

CHARLES LAMB objected to brandy and water on the plausible ground that it "spoiled two good things," and it is certain that the sagacious distiller of high-proof spirits does not reissue his wares after half a century's keeping, diluting them with three parts water to one part brandy. This is, however, the very thing which the author of 'Festus' has done. Not content with remoulding it line by line, and transposing the passages thus handled without regard to previous arrangement, he has fearlessly "extended," as the book-fanciers say, a poem of 10,000 lines into a poem of 40,000 and left it, thus enlarged, as a bequest to posterity. A feat more daring was never done in literature; and when we consider that the expansion is always in the direction of a graver treatment, scarcely a new point of relief or relaxation coming in, and some such points being struck out, the daring becomes more apparent. In the original poem the scenes were too long, and the conversations between Festus and Lucifer too weighty; but the scenes are now much longer, and the discourse between these two personages occupies nearly half a volume of 794 pages. A single soliloquy by Festus fills thirty-eight pages (pp. 281-319), and covers about two thousand lines of rhymed verse. It shows an extraordinary hopefulness of spirit to suppose that so heavily freighted a barque can be launched for another voyage of fifty years.

There are a good many still living who were in a manner contemporaries with this once famous poem, and can recall the time when it was regarded as a successful bid for immortality. In the early days of Browning's 'Paracelsus,' Margaret Fuller wrote of that poem in the New York *Tribune* that it was "an interpretation of the age less penetrating than 'Faust' or 'Festus.'" She was one of the most ardent Goetheans of the time, and this linking together in conceded position of two books which would now seem so unequal in merit, affords the best illustration of the changed relations of Mr. Bailey's poem within fifty years. Yet the remarkable thing about the book is not so much that it should have lost ground in half-a-century as that it should still retain, after that interval, ground enough to stand upon. Perhaps the fact that the writer himself has survived for that length of time may have something to do with the case. It is a great thing when an author lives to look after his own children, and to secure that fame which comes, as the French saying is, from a prolonged patience in living. This suggests an advantage in early authorship, and we have Mr. Bailey's own assurance that, when the original work was begun, "not twenty summers had embrowned" his brow. This statement he wrote in 1839, three years later, and he is now, in fact, in his seventy-fourth year. He has had other literary ventures, but this is his life's work, and he reissues it quadrupled in size, perhaps from the same motive which led Wordsworth to print his 'White Doe of Rylstone' in quarto, to mark his own appreciation of its value.

Though the original poem is thus swamped in increased dimensions, the author has fortunately left untouched many of those striking lines and passages which gave it its first repute. Théophile Gautier says that, however mediocre a literary work may be, if it becomes suddenly famous, we can commonly detect afterwards the grounds of the notoriety; and a rereading of 'Festus' takes us back to the sense of vigor and illumination which its best passages afforded in its early days. No doubt the author aimed at much besides this fragmentary excellence, and held certain views which the poem was supposed to present as a collective work. In America these opinions doubtless contributed to the vogue of the book, for it pleased the Universalist denomination, a large and widespread body. But the real interest of a long poem is rarely found in its plot or argument. No one cares, for instance, for the plot of Keats's 'Hyperion,' while his 'Endymion' has no plot at all. The charm is in the passages, the quotable extracts; and though it is now evident that 'Festus' had by no means the organ cadence of 'Hyperion,' nor even what David Wasson admirably called the "flocculent beauty"—a beauty as of a sky full of little cloudlets—that marked 'Endymion,' it had yet a certain fresh and noble quality of its own, which is not lost in the expanded edition. Such passages as—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best" (p. 71),

or,

"Yet truth and falsehood meet in seeming, like
The falling leaf and shadow on the pool's face" (p. 153),

or,

"Trifles like these make up the present time;
The Iliad and the Pyramids, the past" (p. 159),

or,

"Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die;
It is the dead win battles" (p. 72),

are sure of lasting memory. The book that contains them may be sunk beyond plummet's sounding, yet these passages will float, and somebody will write from time to time to the "Notes and Queries" department of some newspaper, and ask whence they came. These lines are luckily left unchanged, and so are the following:

"Man is one,
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel
With a gigantic throb across the sea
Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men" (p. 39).

"Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. Men may overget
Delusion, not despair" (p. 64).

But in other cases the author confuses and muddles what was once a fine touch by attempting to improve upon it. One of the favorite passages of the original poem, for instance, was the hero's terse description of his first love, a passage which now appears in amplified and weakened form, as can be easily shown by italicizing the added lines:

"I loved her for that she was beautiful,
And that to me she seemed to be all nature
And all varieties of things in one;
As many charmful changes had in thought
And sweet caprice as the opal hath of hues;
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning; fear
No petty customs nor appearances,
But think what others only dreamed about,
And say what others did but think, and do
What others would but say, and glory in
What others dared but do; *so pure withal*
In soul: in heart and act such conscious, yet
Such careless innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight; 'twas these that won me;
And that she never schooled within her breast
One thought or feeling but gave holiday
To all" (p. 45).

It requires but little inspection to see that the merit of the original delineation, if merit it had, lay largely in the fact that it was executed with a few strong strokes, and that every added line must weaken it; the introduction of the halo of delight and the opal and the "charmful changes" only harm and do not help. The same may be said of the elucidations in the elaborate preface, in which it is explained, for instance, that the poem resolves itself, upon examination, "not into books or acts, but into twelve or more groups, celestial, astral, interstellar and terrestrial, solar, planetary, and one other, the sphere of the Infernals" (p. 2). All this bears upon the work, not as a poem, but as a theological treatise, an aspect for which a few may care, but which the profane multitude will prize very little. Should there be any, however, who like nearly eight hundred pages of such discussion, cast in the form of blank verse, they will find in this enlarged edition what Emerson promised to the readers of Swedenborg — "a sufficient library for a lonely and athletic student."

A History of Greece. From the Earliest Times to the Ionian Revolt. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 553.

MANY as are the histories of Greece, it cannot be said that Mr. Abbott, in adding another to

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their number, has undertaken a superfluous or needless task, for we do not know of any upon just the scale and plan of his. It is not a popular sketch—it is indeed severely scholarly; on the other hand, it is not a work of ponderous and exhaustive erudition. Such a work would perhaps be unnecessary so long as the scholar can find in Grote's volumes a detailed discussion of every problem in Grecian history, not yet by any means antiquated, if needing correction here and there. Mr. Abbott's book may indeed be called exhaustive as a collection of known facts, supplementing where necessary the work of Grote, and aiming to give the reader the latest results of scholarship. But the discussion is generally brief, and the treatment is compendious, so that, in view of the broad field covered and the amount of detail, many parts are necessarily the dry repetition of facts.

It will be seen, therefore, that this book is especially suited to the needs of students as a book of reference, rather than of general readers. Few would have the patience to read it through, while the great majority of classical scholars will find it extremely convenient and useful, first, for making a cursory survey of the entire subject, and then for consultation upon points of uncertainty. For this purpose there is a good index, which does not, however, contain the unimportant names. It must not be supposed, however, that the book is altogether of this character. Such subjects as the poems of Homer and Hesiod, the laws of Lycurgus, the constitutional history of Athens, are treated in a full and interesting manner. Of pure narration there is very little; this is evidently neither the especial taste nor power of the author. The description of the geography, climate, etc., of Greece in the first chapter is very well done, and, as special points of peculiar merit, we will mention the account of the Asiatic Greeks (p. 487) and of early lyric poetry (p. 512). The remarks upon ostracism, in regard to which Mr. Abbott takes a different view from Grote (p. 482), upon the failure of Solon's constitution (p. 450), and upon the Ionic tribes (p. 284), are also particularly deserving of attention.

Mr. Abbott's method is sober and conservative. His judgment in questions of doubt generally commends itself as sound and impartial; in matters of evidence he is cautious, and on the whole sceptical. We are inclined to think him too sceptical in regard to the historical value of Homer. He points out the impossibilities of Homer's geography and the uncertainties of any deductions from his works as to chronology or the sequence of events, and then, with considerable plausibility, extends the same reasoning to the description of institutions, and even of manners and customs, and concludes that as a witness to history he is practically worthless.

"Whatever line of investigation we pursue, we cannot fail to recognize the same want of historical truth in the poems" (p. 151). "'Homer,' then, is of little or no value as evidence of the early civilization of Hellas, because we have no means of ascertaining that his statements are historically true" (p. 155). "The pictures, then, which have been drawn of the Homeric state or family, of Homeric art and civilization, are not to be accepted as descriptions of what really existed at any definite period. They prove little or nothing for the historical condition of ancient Greece. The minstrels treated facts as they chose, and for their own purposes, and the whole story of the Trojan war fades at the least touch of criticism" (p. 158).

In these extracts we have a rule of criticism which forbids us to use the Homeric poems as evidence for historical facts of any kind, except as to "the inward life of the time [of composition], its aspirations, and ideals." "They present to us the ideals of life and character which delighted the audience to which they were addressed, and continued to delight generation after generation till Hellenism became extinct" (p. 160). But what gave birth to these ideals? They could hardly have been created out of nothing by the constructive imagination of the poet. It would, no doubt, be begging the question to assume that men in that stage of civilization above all others lacked the capacity to conceive of institutions and social forms other than those of which they had practical knowledge; but we believe it would be safe to make nearly the same assertion of men at all stages of civilization. Nothing is harder, as every student of history knows, than to transport one's self into the mind and the environment of another generation: the most insipid or high-flown dime novel is built out of the life, sentiments, and manners of the age, however much these may be distorted by straining after romantic effects. We do not see what society Homer can depict if it is not the society about him, lighted up, no doubt, and elevated by imagination and aspiration.

There is a clear distinction, in this respect, between the events and their environment. The writer of these poems was engaged in narrating events of a distant past, known to him only by oral tradition; but nothing is more certain than that oral tradition is utterly unreliable in regard to facts of this character. The incidents of the war, whether the war occurred at all, the geography, nations, and chieftains of that distant epoch—all these are things of the kind with which tradition plays surprising pranks. As to these, the poet tells us what has come to his ears, with such variations as he chooses to add to it, and it has almost no historical value at all. But in depicting society and institutions he has no choice but to describe what he himself has seen, painting with the truthful colors of his own day a body of incidents and a geographical outline which are essentially fabulous.

The Nibelungen Lied, to which Mr. Abbott refers in this connection, affords a useful illustration, all the more instructive because it was composed in a fully historical epoch. The composers of this poem found to their hands a group of historical names, nations, and personages—the Burgundians upon the Rhine, Attila far in the East, Theodoric at Verona. The distance of time had the effect of making these appear contemporary, and so we have a wholly unhistorical, an impossible, association of historical names and persons. But the coloring of the story is historical—not of the time when the events were supposed to have occurred, but of the time that the poem was written. The true principle of interpretation is hinted at, as we think, in the words (p. 161): "We must always bear in mind that the Homeric poetry is epic poetry, and that the epic conception of life was not that which prevailed in the home of the peasant or the fold of the shepherd." The picture is correct, but partial. Making allowance for the idealism of the poet, the society depicted in these poems is really that of the personages with whom epic poetry concerns itself—court and camp, prince, hero, and high-born lady. But if we wish to see Grecian society as a whole, we must supplement Homer's view with that of the other great poet of the primitive Greeks, Hesiod, of whom Mr. Abbott gives an appreciative account, in one of the best passages of the volume. In Homer

"we move among exalted persons, in a scene where there is no room for the interests of humble life. The poets' songs are 'the crown of the feast.' Hesiod treats of other subjects. His muse is serious—nay, she is sad; she seeks no longer to amuse a delighted audience, but to beguile the unhappy and rebuke the foolish. The days of martial enterprise are over; the relations of gods and men are changed; it is the poet's task now to arrange the knowledge of the past, and record the wisdom of the sages—a wisdom which is often the fruit of bitter experience" (p. 323).

In the spelling of proper names, Mr. Abbott has chosen those forms which have become familiar in English literature, rather than those which aim to represent with exactness the sound of the original. We do not regard this as a reaction against Grote's practice, but as establishing a distinction based upon a sound principle. Greek and Latin, *as foreign tongues*, should be pronounced as nearly as possible as the Greeks and Romans themselves pronounced. If we cannot hit the exact pronunciation, any approximation to the right is better than a pronunciation which is admittedly wrong. But a book in the English language, to be read by English-speaking people, should observe the forms which have become established in English literature.

Principles of Procedure in Deliberative Bodies By George Glover Crocker, President Massachusetts Senate, 1883. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. 16mo, pp. 169.

THIS neatly-printed little book merely adds one to the unnecessary manuals now in print, having neither in form nor in substance any cause for existence. Such manuals cannot add to the principles of parliamentary law, and, coming into competition with Cushing's standard work, they must be of value only as they supplement his explanations. Many writers, like Mr. Crocker, seem to think that Cushing-and-water will be more wholesome or more palatable than the original. They have an idea that by writing down the subject to the level of the ignorant they are giving valuable instruction; but in truth the object is useless and unattainable. Parliamentary law is a science; like heraldry, it is a small subject, easily mastered by one with a natural taste for it, but of no value to most persons and by them difficult of acquisition. The principles are simple, but the whole skill and usefulness lies in the power to apply the right rule at the right moment. No amount of theoretical practice will enable a man to control and direct a crowded meeting unless he has the rare ability to know his business and to keep his head. Therefore, as every man who aspires to be a chairman has a safe and thorough guide in Cushing, he does not need these dilutions, and the general public will find that unless it can master Cushing, the science must be a sealed one.

We have examined Mr. Crocker's book in the hope that his experience might throw light upon some of the vexed questions familiar to all parliamentarians. We note only three or four which call for consideration. Mr. Crocker says (p. 26) that debate "cannot be renewed after the votes in the affirmative have been given, after the meeting has begun to divide, or after yea-and-nay voting or voting by ballot has begun." This is flatly contradictory of Cushing ('Law,' etc., § 1610-1616), and must be merely a usage of the Massachusetts Senate. On p. 99 Mr. Crocker says that, on an appeal from the decision of the chair, the question as usually put is unfair. It is worded, "Shall the decision of the chair stand?" and in case of a tie vote the decision is overruled. Theoretically the balance ought to stand the other way, and Mr. Crocker proposes the wording to be, "Shall the decision be overruled?" He is doubtless right in this matter; but it may be

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noted that in 1880 the Boston Common Council adopted a rule retaining the old question, but adding, "that it shall be deemed to be decided in the affirmative unless a majority of the votes given are to the contrary." We prefer, however, Mr. Crocker's form as simpler and clearer.

On p. 116 he lays down the rule that "if a quorum is present, a vote is valid, though less than a quorum votes." This heresy is clearly propounded for use in the Massachusetts Legislature. In that House of Representatives a new rule was passed this year, that if, on taking a standing vote, the presence of a quorum be doubted, "a count of the House shall be had, and if a quorum is present, the vote shall stand." This theory was first announced by Speaker Sanford in 1874, and is a very important change from all former practice. The mere presence of a member is thus counted an act of voting. In practice, this leads to dodging votes, and to all kinds of trades and bargains. The validity of the rule has not yet been tested by the courts, and the Legislature was afraid to obtain an opinion from the S. J. C. thereon. Of course, the practice of the national House is just the reverse. If no quorum voted, no action was taken. How many blocks and delays would have been avoided at Washington had the members been the peers intellectually of the Massachusetts legislators!

The coming session of Congress will doubtless cause renewed interest in the subject of parliamentary law. Already it is announced that the rules are to be altered and simplified in order that public business may be transacted. It is well to remember that parliamentary law may be easily reduced to one principle, viz., that the power of the whole body rests with the majority thereof, and that it is superior to all forms or rules. Any vote can be put by direction of that majority, and the minority is simply without redress. If it stays, it can command no recognition; if it goes away, it is simply a faction, and the power is left behind. Nothing but provisions in the United States Constitution can control Congress, and nothing but clauses in the State Constitution can control a Legislature. All subordinate corporations can be controlled by the creating authority. Some day, it is to be hoped, these facts will penetrate the American intellect, and then the necessary laws will be enacted. Until that time, all that parliamentarians can do will be to arrange rules and provide for emergencies according to the principles accepted by them, and gradually prepare a good code, ready for adoption when the necessary sanction is given.

At present it is safe to say that many acts are done which the courts on appeal would refuse to sanction. For example, it is usual, in adopting a code of rules, to add that it shall be altered or amended only by vote of more than a majority, as two-thirds or three-fourths. Mr. Crocker (pp. 146-7) recognizes the utter absurdity of this, and yet speaks of "the general conceded validity of such rules." In fact, the custom has continued merely because it has not been contested. Some day it will be found out that the Legislature of the State can pass such a rule only after the Constitution has expressly given the power. Massachusetts long remained without any constitutional provision to allow less than a quorum to meet and adjourn from day to day and compel the attendance of delinquents. But the power had to be distinctly given.

One of the most needed reforms in statesmanship is a clear discovery and statement of the few powers necessary to be given to our legislators for their organization as a legislative body, and then the incorporation of a grant thereof into the constitutions, national and State. As it is, we drift into useless troubles and delays because that parliamentary law is indispensable, and yet has no basis of authority, uniformity of practice, or defined boundaries.

Life of Friedrich Schiller. By Henry W. Nevinson. London: Walter Scott; New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1889.

A FEW sentences from Mr. Nevinson's closing chapter will serve to indicate his point of view and at the same time to illustrate the quality of his work:

"It is perhaps hardly possible, in these days, to appreciate him [Schiller] as highly as his reputation appears to demand. He is still commonly used, it is true, as a text-book for schools, because he wrote good German, and has received from Propriety her meed of honor that 'there is no harm in him.' But serious students would probably admit that few poets of equal fame are now less studied for their own sake. His name remains familiar to all, because it has been consecrated by its connection with a genius higher than his own—a genius more closely in sympathy with the thought of recent years. But otherwise the present age is generally content to remain ignorant of him, and could hardly understand where the secret of his reputed greatness lay. For the present age . . . justly plumes itself on its realism, while against realism Schiller declared it was his special mission to do battle . . . Guided by our own experience of modern life, we are constrained to circumscribe the heroic within very narrow limits, and . . . we regard the ideal forms of Schiller's drama with melancholy or indifference. The high emotions, the hopes and passions, which he stirred in the hearts of our grandfathers seem in us to be dead of atrophy. It is difficult, if not impossible, to put ourselves back to the time when Carlyle, in his beautiful and enthusiastic 'Life of Schiller,' gave to the world the first-fruits and earnest of his greatness. Our hopes from German literature are no longer so high as in the days when Goethe was still alive and the words of his fellows were welcomed by many as revelations of a new gospel of art and wisdom. Their work has now for a long time been either absorbed or rejected. It is true that German thought has as much influence, and in the near future is likely to have more than at any previous time. Now, however, it no longer works through literature, but through science, arms, and social ideas. In literature for the last thirty years we have been gradually but surely returning to the French alliance. . . . The German mind, still retaining a love of the ideal, finds in Schiller's heroic creations a satisfaction unknown to more realistic peoples; and German literature, with all its high merits, has been throughout so deficient in dramatic power, so obscure in the outline of character, compared with other European literatures, that the importance of such dramatic production as it possesses is likely to become a little exaggerated in popular opinion."

To all of which we can yield only a partial and qualified assent. We do not think that Schiller's plays are used as text-books merely because they are harmless and written in good German, or that his reputation is very largely due to his connection with Goethe, or that the present age is to any great extent drifting away from him because of his excessive idealism. It is easy to mistake a natural process of individual growth, that is, to mistake a change that goes on in one's self and in neighbors of like age and temper with one's self, for a general "movement," or a great secular drift of opinion. In the case before us the simple fact is, as it seems to us, that Schiller is preëminently the poet of the young. And this he is now just as much as he ever was, and in England or the United States as much as in Germany, save that in Germany he is very much more read and studied. Experienced teachers of German literature will testify that Schiller usually strikes fire in the mind of youth some time before Goethe does. As the learner grows older, more reflective and observant of facts, as he more and more reads to compare and to be instructed, and not simply to be thrilled and edified, he learns to prefer Goethe. On the other hand, if he continues to read as the young read (a thing he is very likely to do if he reads at all, and does not belong to the class with whom the study of literature is a business), a certain preference for Schiller will go with him through life. In other words, Schiller, like Byron and Heine, is the poet of those who care more for fervor than for truth; and this fact stamps him, as it stamps Byron and Heine, as a poet of the second rank. But in the second rank Schiller has no superiors. It is surely no paltry claim to immortality to serve ingenuous youth, whose idealism is not yet palsied by sad experience or sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, as a never-failing source of high and wholesome inspiration.

Mr. Nevinson's work appears as the twenty-fourth number of the "Great Writers" collection, edited by E. S. Robertson, and published at a shilling a volume by Walter Scott of London. It is an able and conscientious work (in spite of its unpretending size and price), and deserves to be generally read by students of German literature. In truth, we should find it hard to name a book in which the reader of to-day can find Schiller more thoughtfully and readably discussed than in the little volume before us. It is written with ample knowledge of Germany and German literature, and in a terse, vigorous style which avoids non-essentials and goes straight to the heart of the matters in question. Naturally, it has not the fulness of information which characterizes the German biographies, notably that of Düntzer; but, in compensation, it has not their soporific effect upon the brain. Mr. Nevinson's critical observations seem to us in the main sound, and are always suggestive even where one is compelled to withhold assent. They are much more warmly appreciative, too, than might be inferred from the quotation at the beginning of this notice. It is nowhere forgotten that Schiller was really a "great writer," the actual favorite, probably, if a vote could be taken, of the German people; and that, being this, he requires explanation. The most exacting reader will hardly make any more serious charge against Mr. Nevinson's criticism than that he now and then, occasionally, perhaps from lack of space, settles some large question too easily. This he seems to us to do, for example, in dealing with the "Jungfrau von Orleans." He echoes the familiar condemnation of Schiller for giving us an idealized Maid, who dies in glory on the battle-field. He recounts the story of Jeanne Darc as it was, telling in strong and simple language the tale of the "pauvre petite bergerette" who turned the tide of a great war, and then adds: "Every element of the profoundest tragedy is there, and all that art could hope to do would be to read the truth aright." But this hardly satisfies. One may contend that the actual Jeanne Darc is not adapted for a dramatic heroine, and that dramatic poets have done well to avoid the subject. But if one adopts Mr. Nevinson's contention, he is at once confronted with this difficult question: Why is it that a story conspicuously known to the whole world for centuries, and containing ready to hand all the elements of the profoundest tragedy, has not been successfully dramatized except by Schiller? Mr. Nevinson here seems to confound the pathetic with the tragic. To our thinking, a purely realistic Jeanne Darc is not available as a tragic heroine. Modern Protestant art cannot hope to "read aright" the

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central truth of her story by simply introducing the story as it was upon the stage. The tradition must be "made over" in one way or another. That Schiller's interesting experiment is a perfect success we would by no means contend; but he has at least come nearer than any other great modern poet—vastly nearer than Shakspere or Voltaire—to reading aright, for modern Prostestants, the central truth of his heroine's career. At any rate, his critics should never forget that Schiller knew perfectly well what he was doing and why he was doing it, and had thought long and carefully upon the whole subject of the relation of the drama to historic verity.

Scintillæ Juris. By Charles J. Darling, Q.C., M.P. With Frontispiece and Colophon, by Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P. Fourth edition (enlarged). London: Stevens & Haynes. 1889.

SCINTILLÆ JURIS,' of which we are glad to see a new edition, is a treatise compounded in nearly equal parts of sense, humor, and absurdity. It belongs to a class of books, of which the 'Comic Blackstone' is perhaps the best known, which aim at furnishing amusement to the professional man of a kind which the laity can never hope to enjoy thoroughly. The basis of the humor in these works generally is the assumption that the law, instead of being the perfection of human reason, is, in the language of one of Dickens's characters, "a Hass"; that the administration of justice exists indirectly for the benefit of lawyers and judges, who earn their fees and salaries by causing the property of honest people to come into the possession of those who have no right to it, including themselves, and that a lawsuit is a game of cards in which the player wins who has most cards up his sleeve. This view of the law, though stoutly maintained by laymen ever since the beginning of their troubles with it (and perhaps the most irritating part of their discomfort is that they have never been able to get along without it), is only perfectly appreciated by lawyers, who know just how far it is true and where it is false.

Of all the humorists who have taken up this field, Mr. Darling, though not the most popular, is the most acute. His work is marred by the fact that he is often unable to distinguish between his good things and his things which are not good at all. For instance, his chapter on judges seems to us devoid of point. On the other hand, some of his criticism of the well-known maxims of the law has a humor which, if not very deep, is very pleasant. For instance, he suggests that the maxim "He who comes into equity must come with clean hands," now applies, since the fusion of the two systems, not only in equity, but in law also, and adds that "the utility of the maxim is that he who goes in clean will come out less dirty than he who is soiled from the first." Again, the maxim, "Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem," "was probably invented to comfort the conscience when judges were paid by fees on the cases brought before them. It is characteristic of a good general to extend the area of the country he can hold and plunder." Again, of "Summum jus, summa injuria," he says: "This is a more candid statement concerning law than one might expect to find in a law-book; but it is useful, should any one complain of the imperfection of our law, to be able to point out that in its integrity it is even more hurtful."

The chapter on witnesses contains much sound sense. For instance: "A witness who understands the effect of his testimony on the issue seldom gives it fairly"; "Much truth is spoken that more may be concealed"; "A religious witness takes credit for so many virtues that he allows himself much license in dealing with the truth." In the chapter on cross-examination there are suggestions of great subtlety, as, "If you suggest to an adverse witness a fact in his own favor, he will often deny its existence for fear it should be to your advantage." Again: "A timid question will always receive a confident answer."

We may close our extracts with two or three golden rules for examinations in chief: "As a rule, never allow a witness to state that which he is most anxious to mention, for it will surely be either slanderous or irrelevant"; "I would prevent a witness from attributing his acts—as some do—to higher motives than men are used to find in their every-day affairs. There is a reproach in the contemplation of unaccustomed refinement which gains no favor from the less cultivated"; "We always suspect the honesty of those who are actuated by motives which would not influence ourselves."

Jewish Portraits. By Lady Magnus. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1889.

ESSAY-WRITING, always rare in any strict sense of the term, is going more and more out of the fashion. Our "historical method," our passion for indexes, references, and foot-notes has changed the character of magazines and reviews beyond all hope of recognition by their original founders. Reviews have become digests, essays "papers," and, in the prefatory note to this charming little "gallery of portraits," Lady Magnus has herself used the term which indicates a learned society as audience, rather than a cultured and curious reading public. Yet "papers" they are not, but a collection of graceful essays, if anything too few, with sufficient learning to be useful, a love and admiration for the past of her people, and a passion in their defence against persecutors and traducers which cannot fail to command at once gratitude and respect. Some of the essays were written as early as 1882, and all have appeared in different periodicals, so that the recurrence of certain ideas hardly to be expected in a single volume is easily explained, while the intensity of feeling exhibited against Jewish persecutions in the past must be viewed in the light of the unhappy occurrences of the beginning of this decade, which succeeded in arousing even the gentle spirit of the late Emma Lazarus.

The first essay is devoted to Jehudah Halevi, the physician and poet, "who solved the pathetic puzzle of how to sing the Lord's song in a strange land," whose charming manners made him the centre of a coterie of Spanish-Jewish writers who (to adopt the compliment of a friend) pitched their tents in each other's hearts; whose philosophical work, the 'Khozari,' would alone have made him famous, and whose love sonnets, like Solomon's Song, whether inspired by a real passion or an idealized Jerusalem, would have been sufficient to give him rank as a poet. "The Story of a Street" (the Frankfort *Judengasse*), and "Heinrich Heine, a Plea" (against Carlyle's "that blackguard Heine" and Charles Kingsley's "Who was Heine? A wicked man") both have the same tendency—a candid picture of the condition of the Jews in Germany during the second half of last century and the first half of the present, and the ascribing of their characters, not always lovable, to the unfair circumstances under which perforce they existed. The life of Heine is "the story of one who was a Jew, and poor, a convert without the zeal, a model of resignation and yet no Christian." He was German yet French, having the good fortune to live during the French occupation, "when some healthier amusements than Jew-baiting were provided for the populace."

Lady Magnus briefly presents Prof. David Kaufmann's view of George Eliot and Judaism ("An Attempt to Appreciate 'Daniel Deronda'"), and in passing very quaintly pays her respects to Mr. Swinburne, who has "no ear for the melodies of a Jew's harp," and, possessing no "taste for the dissection of dolls, leaves Daniel Deronda to his natural place over the rag-shop door." The answer comes in the shape of an art criticism once pronounced in the *Louvre:* "The picture was Correggio's 'Marriage of St. Katherine,' and to an Englishman standing near us it evidently did not fulfil preconceived conceptions of a marriage ceremony. He looked at it long, and at last turned away, muttering, 'Well, I can't see anything in it.' That was evident, but the failure was not in the picture." Menasseh ben Israel, who gained the respect of Cromwell, and opened England to the Jews, receives due praise for his deeds, but his writings are described as "compilations of dead men's minds, . . . duly labelled and catalogued selections from learned mummies." The essays on "Charity in Talmudic Times" and "Moses Mendelssohn" cannot be briefly characterized, since they are themselves but characterizations of what it would take several volumes to tell. The former contains all the suggestions for a "paper," if not for a treatise.

We take leave of this little volume (calling attention to the impossible reference to *Yoma* on page 14, almost with shamefacedness) with a feeling that the author is a valuable member of that growing community in England which is creating an Anglo-Jewish literature different from its Spanish predecessor of six centuries back, yet as full of promise, of utility, and, in the present instance, of beauty as well.

The American Prize Method for Systematic Instruction in All Branches of Piano Playing. By Edward J. Finck. Portland, Ore.: Wiley B. Allen & Co.; Philadelphia: B. F. Baines.

PIANO-PLAYING is a modern epidemic, and the demand for instruction-books is therefore enormous. Besides the large number of methods published in this country, vast quantities of the best foreign books are brought over on every steamer, and the best ones may be had in almost any language. Of Urbach's 'Preis-Clavierschule,' adjudged the best among forty competitors by Kullak, Seiss, and Reinecke, eight editions, or 36,000 copies, were printed in three years; and the most thorough of all instruction-books, Lebert & Stark's, of the Stuttgart Conservatory, although it is in four volumes and very expensive, has been equally successful. The possibility of winning such successes urges many teachers to embody their own views and experiences in a volume, and, consequently, new methods are published constantly in all parts of the country, including the far West. Mr. Finck, the author of the work whose title we give above, is a graduate of the Stuttgart Conservatory, and composer of a number of piano pieces well known on the Pacific Coast. His book received the vote of a majority of the judges appointed by the editor of the *Étude*, in a competition open to American teachers. While the general order of proceeding

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in a pianoforte method is confined within too narrow limits, by the nature of the subject, to allow of complete originality of treatment, there are some points in this method which call for special commendation. The first is of a practical nature, being a complete index, which, serving also as a table of contents, is for convenience printed on the first page. Such an index is greatly missed in other methods, and will save much loss of time and temper on the part of the pupil as well as the teacher. Another feature, which, strange to say, is also novel, is a full series of questions, printed at the bottom of each page, enabling the pupil to review his own knowledge and saving the teacher considerable trouble. The Method also differs from others in having the very first exercises in both the treble and bass clefs instead of only one clef. This has the disadvantage of requiring the pupil to learn both these clefs at once, which is apt to be confusing; but the subsequent gain perhaps more than compensates for this, for it initiates the pupil at once into the clef which will be the habitual province of each hand, and it will prevent him from confounding or identifying the first five notes with the five fingers, which happens with comic frequency—a pupil who has practised his five-finger exercises for weeks imagining that the sign for the thumb must always stand for C, the first finger for D, and so on.

One other feature deserves mention: there is more rhythmic variety than usual in the exercises, compelling the pupil to keep strict time and count carefully. In most methods and studies for beginners, even in such famous ones as those of Cramer and Lebert and Stark, there is a curious rhythmic monotony which is apt to demoralize the student and make him mechanical in his habits, as is abundantly attested by the aggravating inability of most amateur pianists to keep time when playing with a stringed or other instrument. The pieces interspersed for the entertainment of the pupil and the formation of his taste are judiciously selected from the best classical and modern masters, but there is an occasional carelessness in the noting of tempo or expression marks, as on page 128, where Chopin's Prelude, opus 28, No. 6, is printed without any intimation of the tempo for the guidance of the pupil—which is the more to be regretted as such pieces are sure to be played too fast if there is no tempo sign. The definitions as a rule are clear and concise, although there is an occasional grammatical error or inelegance. On page 52 there is a serious misprint in the G instead of G sharp in the harmonic minor scale, and another one on page 94, where the slur in the explanation of 161 b should be extended over four notes instead of three.

Principles of the History of Language. By Hermann Paul. Translated from the second edition of the original, by H. A. Strong, M.A., LL.D. Macmillan. 1889.

THE science of language, for reasons inherent in the justified use of the term, has followed, in the main, the same general lines of historical development that have characterized the other sciences. Like them, it has necessarily had its empirical stage, in which phenomena in their mutual or reciprocal relationship were more or less imperfectly understood, and correlation was imputed when it did not exist, or was often unsuspected when it did. In it, as in them, a period of particularism necessarily preceded the evolution of laws whose field of operation has, since their formulation, in the light of newly discovered or more categorical knowledge, not seldom been extended on the one hand, or contracted on the other. As a result of this development in the direction of reality, the new science has outgrown the tentative efforts of its earlier years, and the intuition that was characteristic of the beginnings of the study of the phenomena of language has gradually, but none the less surely, given place to scientific reason and definiteness of method.

Down to the appearance, in 1880, of Prof. Paul's 'Principien der Sprachgeschichte,' no scientific formulation had been attempted of the determined principles and methodology of the science. The first edition was, accordingly, in reality an "epoch-making" book; and although, in one sense, it contains but little material that is for the first time advanced, in another it is really one of the most original, as it is one of the most important, books in the whole literature of the subject, and determines, as Prof. Wheeler in his preface to the American edition says, "a distinct period in the development of the science." A second edition of the book, enlarged and in some parts rewritten, appeared in 1886. It is this later edition that is the basis of the present translation, so that the English reader has in it the carefully considered statement of the science well down to the present day.

The essence of Prof. Paul's work, as he expresses it in a note to his introduction, "is to trace the development of language from the reciprocal effects which individuals produce upon each other." It leads him from a consideration of the necessity for a system of principles to accompany the history of language to a discussion of the nature of the development of language, and the detailed rationale of the various phenomena connected with it.

Professor Paul, the foremost Germanist in Germany, through his published works and the joint editorship with Professor Braune of the *Beiträge*, to which he has been a frequent contributor of original articles, has acted a radical part in the progressive growth of the new philology. His standpoint in the present book, as elsewhere, is the rational but perhaps not uncontested one of the neo-grammarians, who have all along most actively insisted upon statement of method. From the thorough treatment of the subject that it discusses, its breadth of perspective, and the profound use made of the material at hand, the work is entitled to rank, where Professor Wheeler assigns it, "as the fundamental handbook of the science."

The translator, Professor Strong, who holds the chair of Latin in University College, Liverpool, has performed his task in the main carefully and well. The practical usefulness of the book has been increased by paragraph numbers and marginal catch-lines. Some few of the original references are omitted, but a number of others, chiefly from English sources, have been added. The translator has also furnished the volume with two indexes. Of these the first is only partial, and consequently misleading; a multitude of words of all kinds has been omitted, and such a valuable reference, for instance, as Verner's Law (which, by the way, probably through a typographical error, is misstated in one of its stadia on page 192) finds no place in it. The plan on which the index of authors, at the end of the book, is constructed it is absolutely impossible to determine. Less than one-third of the number referred to are contained in it at all, and these appear to be selected utterly at random.

In its new or original form, this work should surely find its way into the hands of every scientific student of language.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Rev. W. The Epistles of St. John. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Allen, Dr. N. N. Korean Tales. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Baker, C. W. Monopolies and the People. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Beaugrand C. The Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.
Besant, W. Children of Gibeon. Harper & Bros.
Blackstock, E. F. The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tsar. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Bolton, Mrs. Sarah K. Famous Men of Science. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Bradish, A. Memoir of Douglas Houghton, First State Geologist of Michigan. Detroit: Raynor & Taylor.
Bridger, Dr. A. E. Man and his Maladies; or, A Way to Health. Harper & Bros.
Cone, Rev. O. Salvation. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 25 cents.
Davis, R. Recollections of Mississippi and the Mississippians. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Dumas, A. Les Trois Mousquetaires. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.
Eggleston, E. First Book in American History. D. Appleton & Co. 70 cents.
Farmer, Lydia H. Short History of the French Revolution. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Goss, W. L. Jed: A Boy's Adventures in the Army of '61–'65. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Helmburg, W. Lora: the Major's Daughter. Worthington Co.
Hichborn, P. Report on European Dock-yards. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Hogue, Prof. A. The Irregular Verbs of Attic Prose. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.00.
Johnston, R. M. Ogeechee Cross-Firings. Harper & Bros. 35 cents.
Sweet, Sophie. Captain Polly. Harper & Bros.

READY SATURDAY:

Handbook of Psychology.

SENSES AND INTELLECT. By James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Lake Forest University. 8vo, 343 pp.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

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